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The Week

PRESIDENT Coolidge's message on Nicaragua sets forth at great length his reasons for believing the Diaz régime to have proper constitutional authority. The New Republic's criticism of the present policy of our government is that we have no business to maintain one government or another by force of arms, in any event; but even on the President's own ground, there is at least room for a difference of opinion. As our readers will remember, Doctor Sacasa was vice-president under Solorzano. The latter was forced to resign by General Chamorro, who set up his own government. The action was too barefaced for us to endorse it, under the Hughes doctrine that the United States will not recognize Central American governments which come into power by a coup d'état. Thereupon Chamorro resigned and put his friend Diaz in his place. Costa Rica and Guatemala are both of the opinion that Sacasa has the legitimate succession. They have not extended formal recognition only because Sacasa does not control the country. Mexico, however, has gone further and recognized his government. When this question was raised at a recent conference between Secretary Kellogg and newspapermen, he observed indignantly that when we recognized Diaz, "Sacasa was out of the country. Does anyone suppose that we could bring him back and make him president?" In view of the fact that we recognized his opponent within three days, and in view of the strenuous attempt we are now making to keep that opponent in power against the efforts of Sacasa and his followers, the Secretary's answer is either ridiculous or disingenuous, and we suspect that it is both.

THE situation in China is daily growing more dangerous. At any moment it is possible that foreigners may be killed in the course of riots, and hostilities started the outcome of which it is impossible to predict. The British concession at Hankow has been seized and there and at other points the feeling against foreigners is running high. Five American destroyers have been sent to Shanghai, and other naval forces are in readiness to protect the lives of foreigners. The use of military and naval strength in this way has plenty of precedents and it is not surprising that it should be resorted to. At the same time we agree with Mr. Grover Clark, editor and publisher of the Peking Leader, who warns that it is more likely to bring about danger to foreigners than to prevent it. The Cantonese government, Mr. Clark pointed out in a recent interview in the New York Times, is seeking by every possible means to avoid any harm to foreigners, knowing what the probable results will be. But the presence of armed forces is itself an incitement to the mob to resort to violence. It plays into the hands of the radicals and seems to justify the propaganda of Soviet Russia regarding the sinister purposes of the powers. Mr. Clark, who as an observer of Chinese affairs is second to none in experience and ability, believes it is of the greatest importance that the United States should immediately make an unequivocal gesture of friendliness toward the Chinese people. He believes this should be done regardless of any action of the other powers and that if it is postponed even a few weeks it may be too late. Mr. Stephen Porter, Chairman of the

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Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, has introduced a resolution which would do much in this direction. It calls for the United States to undertake immediate treaty revision, regardless of the action of the other powers. It ought to pass, and at once.

ONE of the worst fruits of our present policy in Central America has been to increase the ill-will toward the United States in Latin America and Europe, already far larger than any reasonable citizen could wish it to be. Of the dozens of newspaper editorials from all parts of the world which have been cabled to the United States and reprinted here, we do not recall one which commends what President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg are doing. Not only is our Nicaraguan adventure looked upon as a piece of barefaced imperialism, but our recent treaty with Panama, which in effect binds that country to go to war when we do, has been received with universal disapproval. Panama is a member of the League of Nations, and it is pointed out that this treaty contravenes her obligations under the Covenant. Meanwhile, equal hostility to the treaty is being exhibited by the people of Panama. The government has been obliged to forbid all public discussion but even so it is apparent that there is the strongest objection to it, and ratification in the present form is regarded as unlikely. If the American negotiators did not foresee this reaction they were guilty of an ignorance which stamps them as incompetent; and if they did foresee it, it is only possible to suppose that they decided to bulldog their way through, in defiance of the public opinion of the world.

NOW that the French nationalists in the Chamber of Deputies have definitely joined the other opponents of the Mellon-Berenger agreement, its chances of ratification have virtually disappeared. In the past this bloc has always supported Poincaré, and he was depending on their votes in this instance. Although normally opposed to debt payment, their acquiescence was to have been secured by the attachment of a reservation similar to the qualification in the Dawes plan—that actual transfers were not to be made if they would have an unduly depressing effect on the foreign exchange. In our opinion, such a reservation if honestly executed would have the effect of limiting transfers to France's actual capacity to pay, since she could pay only through exports of goods, and without sufficient exports the transfer would depress the exchange value of the franc. However, M. Dubois, the leader of the nationalist bloc, objects to such a reservation on the ground that it would mean interference wtih French interior affairs by foreign agencies. Indeed it would, if any such collection machinery were set up as is now attempting to execute the Dawes plan. And without such machinery the United States would have no guarantee that the agreement was being carried out impartially. The quarrel over the possibility of payment would be endless. It must be admitted that there is practical force in M. Dubois's objection. If as a result the agreement is rejected and a reconsideration of the whole matter becomes necessary the result may be happy, though the immediate effect on the possibility of stabilizing the franc is likely to be disastrous. For this, however, the obduracy of our government would be to blame.

IT was a curious spectacle last week to see the La Follette Republicans, members of the farm labor bloc and numerous prominent Democrats vote in accordance with the recommendations of President Coolidge, while the opposition included such organization Republicans as Speaker Longworth and Representative Tilson of Connecticut. The cause, however, was good—a refusal to appropriate money to build the three cruisers authorized last year, to say nothing of the additional ten now on the program. It may possibly be wise to threaten to build a lot of cruisers, as well as destroyers, submarines and airplane carriers, in an effort to induce other nations to extend the scope of armament limitation beyond the now nearly useless battleship. Whether it is wise to carry out this threat before their acceptance of an invitation to confer on limitation—or even in the event of their refusal—is, however, a different matter. Navy limitation is far more to the interest of struggling exchequers and exposed countries than of ours. A purely selfish policy would lead us to allow the other nations to overburden themselves with naval expenditures rather than to risk so much money in unappreciated altruism. Even if our national purpose were only to strengthen our capacity for defense, there are far better ways to do it than to construct expensive toys of war. One, for instance, would be to buttress rural life and farm prosperity so that we may remain as nearly self-sustaining as possible.

SENATOR BORAH exhibited his usual courage when he declared in a recent speech in Washington that disrespect of law arises from corrupt government and that corrupt government is the natural result of large campaign contributions from interested parties, the virtual buying of elections by those who have the most money to put up. We doubt, however, whether the remedy he suggests would be effective. "To have these political parties treated as quasi-governmental institutions to the extent at least of the government taking care of the actual legitimate cost of a campaign" would be to incur innumerable difficulties and dangers. It might lead to corruption in determining what was the legitimate cost of campaign. It might tend to perpetuate the existence of dying parties and prevent the organization of new ones. Or it might make the organization of parties a paying business venture for those anxious for subsidies from the public treasury. No piece of machinery will improve a situation which

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is already inherently rotten. The basic trouble, as we have said before, is that too many citizens are indifferent about politics, and do not care enough about achieving any object by political machinery to set up and support and work for a machine which is not for sale. Where there is a wholesome endeavor to achieve positive benefits through political agencies, as in Wisconsin, in Iowa at present, or in Great Britain in the case of the Labor party, an impecunious organization need not fear the political power of superior wealth.

HOPE for the corn belt is suddenly aroused by the discovery of a small, wriggling worm in a cornstalk in Illinois. The deadly corn-borer has come. Why should there be any hope for the farmer in his satchel? Well, have not the corn-belt farmers been complaining for the past two years about their surplus of production, which depresses prices? Have they not been unable to reduce that surplus? Have they not failed to induce Congress to pass measures which would facilitate its marketing abroad? The boll weevil of the South effectively reduced cotton production for a while, when the planters couldn't do it. And it raised the price of cotton. The only trouble is that after high prices have brought enlarged acreage, the boll weevil has come under more effective control, and another surplus has resulted. Though the corn-borer may help, it needs regulation. Let the government estimate every year the amount of surplus which should be destroyed, let it introduce impartially into every farmer's fields the requisite number of borers, and limit their depredations to the requisite number of acres. Then man may be able to rely upon an insect pest for benefits which he cannot derive from self-control and coöperation.

THE Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Railroads is consistently attempting to mislead the public in its announcements of railroad earnings. In a release of January 7, 1927, for instance, under a sub-head reading Eleven Months Return 5.24 Percent its publicity sheet, Railroad Data, states that "Class I railroads for the first eleven months in 1926 had a net railway operating income amounting to $1,151,604,395 which was at the annual rate of return of 5.24 percent on their property investment." Broadcast by newspapers all over the country, the statement creates the impression that 5.24 percent, a very moderate rate of return for a public utility, is all the railroads earn. The joker, however, lies in the words "property investment." This, in railroad publicity terminology, means the book value which the railroads place upon themselves, not the valuation determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission upon which 5.75 percent is supposed to be a fair return. The latter valuation is considerably lower, and when it is taken as a base, the return for this year will undoubtedly be considerably above the "fair" level. It is true that the railroads are fighting I. C. C. valuations, which are not as yet finally sustained by the courts, but these form for the time being the rate base specified by the law, and not to mention them when discussing rate of return is misleading. The general public has no technical training in valuation or railroad regulation which enables it to detect such propaganda.

THE railroads are obviously afraid that their present prosperity will lead to attempts to reduce rates. The same issue of Railroad Data carries a quotation from President Loomis of the Lehigh Valley Railroad which reads, "I regard our most important problem at this time as impressing upon the general public that the apparent prosperity of the railroads in the last year or so does not justify compelling them to pyramid their expenditures for improvements which will not serve to increase their revenues or decrease their expenses. Neither does it warrant reductions in their freight or passenger rates. Many years of good earnings and more widespread dividend returns to stockholders will be necessary before the railroads can be assured that their position is properly safeguarded and their credit established at a point where they can keep continuously abreast of the demands of the commercial interests of the country." Of course Mr. Loomis may be right. If he is right, however, the rate-regulation and recapture provisions of the Transportation act would seem to be meaningless, at least for many years to come. And if they do not apply in that period, they will never apply. Perhaps all the theorists have deluded themselves in believing that there is any tenable middle ground, occupied by effective utility regulation, between unrestricted private enterprise and public ownership.

TRANSATLANTIC radio-telephony is now an accomplished fact. People in New York and London are calling each other every day, and with fair luck the connection is about as good as though they were talking over land wires for the same distance. The achievement is a remarkable one and the engineers who have effected it deserve the highest praise for their ingenuity and perseverance. Yet it was impossible to read the conversations of the first day, reported verbatim in the press, without feeling that at least 98 percent of them might just as well have been carried on by cable or by letter or preferably not at all. Once again we were reminded that man's mechanical inventiveness has outrun his spiritual development. We create marvelous and almost unbelievable new equipment, and then we use it to transmit across three thousand miles of tumbling gray water banal chatter about the weather.

THE Rev. John Nevin Sayre, Vice-Chairman of the National Committee on Militarism in Education, of New York City, has recently been engaged in a vigorous debate with Dwight F. Davis, Secretary

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of War. Mr. Sayre was invited to address a meeting in the college Y. M. C. A. building of the University of Oklahoma, at Norman. When he arrived he learned that the use of the Y. M. C. A. had been denied; and he subsequently found that President Bizzell of the University had received a letter from Lieut.-Col. G. C. Lewis, of the U. S. Infantry, stationed at Oklahoma City, charging that Mr. Sayre is engaged in "the camouflaged activity" of "spreading [a] Bolshevist program." Mr. Sayre was also scheduled to speak in the First Presbyterian Church at Norman, and Colonel Lewis actually appeared in uniform at this meeting and publicly made charges against him—although when challenged he was obliged to admit that he had no evidence in support of what he said. Mr. Sayre, who denies that he is a Communist or has any ulterior motive, wrote to Secretary Davis in protest. To this letter the Secretary replied loftily that the War Department does not make "adverse criticism of any individual or organization," that Colonel Lewis merely "expressed his individual views as a citizen" and that "it would be obviously opposed to the principle of free speech for the War Department to attempt to control all expressions of opinion that officers of the Army may make as private citizens."

THIS is a moderate and reasonable-sounding statement; but it simply does not cover the facts of the case. Army officers are assuredly entitled to the same free speech as anybody else; but when an army officer appears in uniform at a meeting; when he signs a letter protesting against a proposed pacifist address, "Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Infantry"; in fact, whenever he fails in his letters or speeches to make it clear by specific statement that he is acting privately and unofficially—then the implication is strongly the other way: that what he says and writes is official, and that anyone who fails to do as he asks is under suspicion of being unpatriotic. Certainly ninety-nine college presidents out of every hundred would so interpret the situation, and nine hundred and ninety-nine private citizens out of every thousand. Mr. Sayre in another letter to Secretary Davis points out that similar attacks on pacifists have recently been made, without any disavowal of official position, by the "Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War in the Eighth Corps Area" and by Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War. He points out also that at the Universities of Indiana, Missouri and Wyoming speakers may not appear before student audiences without the approval of reserve officers in the R. O. T. C. Is anyone simple-minded enough to suppose that these gentry act "purely as private citizens"? There is the best of reason to believe that a similar situation exists as well in many other institutions throughout the country, in which it is considered a patriotic duty to keep students from hearing more than the militarists' side of the case.

The Way Out of the Mexican Muddle

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S message to Congress on the Mexican-Nicaraguan situation is welcome for one reason only—the partial return to open diplomacy. He has at last come out from behind the dummy figure of the Official Spokesman and assumed responsibility for what is being done. For this relief, much thanks. But on every other score, his message only succeeds in making a bad matter worse. It contains hardly any new information. It repeats almost all the old charges against the Liberal revolutionaries and against Mexico, without offering any valid evidence in support of any of them. The famous accusation that Mexico is sending arms to Sacasa simmers down to the allegation that

> boats carrying these munitions have been fitted out in Mexican ports and some of the munitions bear evidence of having belonged to the Mexican government. It also appears that the ships were fitted out with the full knowledge of and, in some cases, with the encouragement of Mexican officials and were, in one instance at least, commanded by a Mexican Naval Reserve officer.

This, we submit, is an unsubstantial basis for action so drastic as the United States has taken and proposes to take; and this is particularly true when you recall that we have lifted our own embargo on arms to Nicaragua for the benefit of Diaz.

As for the rest, the President goes into a long argument to demonstrate the unconstitutionality of the Chamorro régime and the constitutionality of that of Diaz, though it is common knowledge that Diaz is Chamorro's man and the succession was planned in advance. He repeats that a Liberal government would endanger the Nicaraguan canal which we may some day build, and in some mysterious way would menace the Panama Canal, though he offers no proof to support either of these assertions. He again claims that American lives and property are endangered by the revolution, but fails to say how or where. He gives a long recital of the financial history of Nicaragua, pointing out that a million dollars' worth of her bonds are held by American citizens. He ends with a flat declaration that he intends to continue to protect

> all American interests in Nicaragua whether they be endangered by internal strife or by outside interference [sic!] in the affairs of that republic.

All this mass of words is intended, as were the previous statements of the President and Mr. Kellogg, to have but one effect: to arouse public resentment in this country against Mexico. Our government is, as the President now concedes, still playing the sordid game of dollar diplomacy in Nicaragua, which it has practiced there ever since 1910; but the main purpose of the present actions is to drive

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home to the Calles government the supremacy of the United States in the western hemisphere; in other words, to "teach Mexico a lesson," which will have a salutary effect not only as regards her foreign policies but, what is far more important to Secretary Kellogg, her domestic land and oil laws. The policy of Mr. Kellogg, in which he has persuaded President Coolidge to participate, is a clumsy and bungling one, but it means something and is going somewhere.

Repeatedly in the last year and more he has sought to inflame popular opinion in this country against Mexico, the most conspicuous example being his famous note in which he told the Calles government that it is "on trial before the world." But to his annoyance, he has found that popular opinion has been laggard in following him. A discouraging tendency has been in evidence to argue that Mexico's laws are her own affair and that we should wait until there is a concrete case in which an American citizen has been unfairly treated before we undertake any overt act on behalf of a little handful of capitalists. In the Nicaraguan episode Mr. Kellogg has seen his opportunity to put the United States face to face with Mexico in such a way that our "national honor" will seem to be implicated, and popular opinion be aroused to an extent which will permit him to do as he pleases.

An immediate result of this action is to give great encouragement to Mexican revolutionists. Already at least one such effort is under way. Rene Capistran Garza, a youthful Catholic and President of the League of Catholic Youth, has been proclaimed provisional president. If the United States should withdraw recognition from Mexico, and lift the embargo on arms, a serious attempt at revolution would be inevitable. It might or might not succeed; but in any case the unhappy country would again be plunged into an utterly needless bath of blood which might last for years. This would take place despite the fact that we have no real quarrel with Mexico, that there is no basis for serious conflict in the present status of the land and oil dispute, and that the worst which can be said of Mexican interference in Nicaragua is that it is of the same sort, and about one tenth as bad, as our own.

In this critically grave situation the best solution, in our judgment, is to be found in the proposal made by President Calles on Sunday last. He remembers, though PresidentCoolidge seems to have forgotten it, that we have a treaty with Mexico permitting arbitration of international disputes. Though the main issue between the two countries grows out of Mexico's internal policies, and though he recalls that arbitration courts have in the past shown a tendency to decide in favor of the stronger of the disputants, rather than have the present crisis continue he is willing to submit the question to the Hague Tribunal and abide by its decision. This is a proposal which America had no right to ask of Mexico; but since President Calles makes it on his own initiative, we ought to accept with the utmost promptness the opportunity afforded to escape with peace and honor from a position fraught with dangerous potentialities. To do so would help to rehabilitate us in the eyes of Europe and Latin America, where our recent actions have provoked universal disapproval; it would be in accordance with the policy President Coolidge sought to set up when he repeatedly urged adherence to the World Court; and it would avoid the risk of a conflict as utterly needless and useless as any in modern history. The reception of his message must convince President Coolidge that Mr. Kellogg has led him into the gravest mistake of his whole political career. Will he not turn back before it is too late?

Fading Prosperity

ABOUT a year ago the New Republic published an article entitled How Long Prosperity? which indicated certain dangers in the outlook for continued good times. The analysis began by admitting that on the surface everything looked favorable, with absence of speculation in farming or industrial production, large output, no price inflation or accumulation of abnormal stocks on hand, easy credit, and high levels of wholesale and retail trade. It went on to point out, however, that the great and continuing increase in manufacturing production had not been accompanied, since 1920 or 1923, by a comparable increase in the purchasing power of manufacturing, mining or transportation wage-earners, or of farmers, or of clerical and professional workers. Whence came, then, the market for growing production? As far as could be seen, it arose from the building industry, which had been booming, from exports, financed by large loans abroad, and from retail purchases stimulated by instalment credit. All these sources of activity were in danger of falling away. "These factors," stated the article, "are difficult to measure with any precision, and economics is still so inexact a science that only the foolhardy venture to predict, but the reader may judge for himself how much power of destruction there is in the storm clouds which are hovering." And it concluded, "It will be important during the coming year to watch carefully the trend of building contracts awarded, of foreign loans, and of retail trade."

We have had, according to all reports, a year of extraordinary production, business profits, and what is generally called prosperity. Nevertheless it is pertinent to renew our inquiry of twelve months ago, and to see what has happened in respect to the situation described.

First, have there been any significant changes in the purchasing power of the domestic population? The index of manufacturing payrolls issued by the U. S. Department of Labor shows that the average for the first eleven months of 1926 is 95.8 percent of the 1923 level. This is the best index we have

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of the dollars disbursed to factory wage-earners. It indicated 94 percent in 1925, and 91 percent in 1924. A few more dollars of wages in 1926, therefore, than in 1925 or 1924, but not so many as in 1923. How much would these dollars buy? The National Industrial Conference Board's index of the cost of living (based on 100 in July, 1914) was 168 last November, and did not go much above or below that during the year. It averaged 168 in 1925. In 1924 it was 164, in 1923 it was 161. We must conclude that the industrial wage-earners could buy in 1926 perhaps 2 percent more than in 1925 or 1924, but that they could not buy as much as in 1923. No appreciable power to furnish a market for greatly increased production is revealed in these figures.

Railroad workers have moved up a peg or two. During part of the year the bituminous coal miners were better off also, due to the export demand for coal as a result of the British strike, but they are now slipping back again with the reversal of the same process. All in all, the wage-earners have probably contributed a little, but not much, to growth of the retail markets.

When we turn to the farmers, we see that cotton is depressed, spring wheat is depressed, fruit is depressed, corn is still low. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the total value of the fifty-five principal crops in 1926 is $7,802,000,000 as against $8,950,000,000 in 1925—a loss of about 13 percent. This will more than offset any gain in purchasing power the wage-earners or other American consumers may have made. There is, therefore, at least no more ability to sustain our markets in the incomes of domestic retail purchasers than a year ago—if we leave out of consideration the building industry, which now must be examined.

In 1925 the highest total of building on record up to that time was reached. According to the F. W. Dodge Corporation, the monthly average of square feet in the contracts awarded in thirty-six states was 74,955,000, the monthly average value was $485,187,000. In 1926 every month from January to May inclusive exceeded the corresponding month of the previous year. Then began a decline. In June and every month thereafter the monthly figure was lower in 1926 than in 1925. These figures may not give a very accurate indication of the total sum of facts, yet the trend is unmistakably downward. Everyone admits that. It has not gone very far down yet—it would have a long way to go to get really low. If it fell to the levels of 1923 or 1924 even, it would have to drop from the November figure of 68,000,000 square feet to about 58,000,000 or somewhat over 14 percent. There is little doubt that while orders for building materials and building wages have contributed greatly to the activities of other industries in 1926, they will contribute appreciably less in 1927. How much less, no one can say.

Foreign loans, without which our production for export trade would decline, were on the whole slightly larger in 1926 than in 1925—$1,212,689,000 against $1,194,589,000. It is worth noting that the new European issues sold in this country dropped to $571,154,000 from $737,045,000 in the previous year. The gain came largely from Latin America, which increased from $203,234,000 in 1925 to $424,500,000 in 1926. Three factors may combine to cause a shrinkage in lending abroad during the coming year—a continuance of the fall in European borrowings, a failure of Latin America to increase her borrowings as much as in 1926, due partly to the bad odor of our financial imperialism in Mexico and Nicaragua, and a growing conservatism on the part of American banking authorities, whose credit extensions have financed a large part of the recent sale of foreign securities in this country.

How about retail trade at home? The best guides we have to this are the sales of department stores and mail-order houses. Neither is a wholly reliable index, because both types of house have a tendency to grow at the expense of the small retail merchant. Chain-store sales, concerning which figures also exist, are entirely misleading as an index of general conditions, for the same reason. In the last few months of 1926 department store sales and the sales of mail-order houses both show a tendency to fall below the corresponding months of 1925. The effect of instalment purchases on sales to the consumer is revealed principally in the automobile industry. Though the total production of passenger cars for 1926 is the largest on record, the output in October fell below the same month both of the previous year and of 1923, and in November it was not only below these two years, but about down to the 1922 level. This may represent merely a temporary curtailment, but on the other hand leaders of the industry recognize that almost everyone in the United States who is able to own and can be persuaded to buy a car now has one, and restricted sales are looked for during several years ahead, with the bulk of the production consisting of replacements for worn-out cars.

The effect of fading prosperity is already reflected in the volume of checks cashed throughout the country—technically known as bank-clearings. Leaving out New York City, which is largely affected by speculation in the stock market, bank clearings were smaller, from September on, in every month of 1926 than in 1925.

There is no doubt that the forces to which we called attention a year ago have during 1926 operated to inaugurate a shrinking tendency in business activity. Unless some unforeseen favorable factor appears, this tendency will probably continue for some time to come. It has not yet brought us to the point where it can be said that we have entered an industrial depression—the levels of 1926 were so high that a long slide from them would be necessary to bring about marked unemployment. Since

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the credit resources of the banks are still ample there is little likelihood of a severe crisis in the immediate future. We see no way to stop the gradual slide downhill, however, except by a readjustment between retail prices on the one hand and farm and wage income on the other, such that the population may absorb the products which the steadily increasing capacity of industry is capable of turning out.

Public Economy—an Inside View

SOME weeks ago Chairman Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, addressing the National Association of Railway and Utilities Commissioners, made some comments on economy which deserve recording. Mr. Eastman has been twelve years now in the public service, and his chances for observation from the inside have been extraordinarily good.

He begins by citing the familiar figures which show that the entire tax burden of the federal, state and local governments is approximately $7,500,000,000, or 10 percent of the national income, against the 18.5 percent of the income in Great Britain absorbed in national taxes alone, and the 19 percent in France. Our total tax burden is no greater than our annual expenditure for rail transportation or for automobiles. If we speak only of the expense of civil administration for the federal government it is not over $800,000,000 at the outside, or about the same as we spend every year on movies, and less than we spend on tobacco. To continue in his own words:

"The total tax receipts of the federal government in 1925 used for civil purposes added to the estimates of state, county, municipal and similar taxes which I have already given amount to about $5,000,000,000, or about one billion dollars less than the gross receipts of the steam railroads in 1925. For this amount the nation obtained public education, police and fire protection, sewage disposal, public health protection, care of the insane, maintenance of the judicial system and penal institutions, the construction, maintenance, care and lighting of streets, highways and public parks, the maintenance, improvement and protection of harbors and waterways, including the lighthouse service, scientific agricultural research and the wide dissemination of the information resulting therefrom, the maintenance of an adequate system of currency, forest protection and the development of irrigation, the census and the collection and dissemination of elaborate statistical information of many varieties, the maintenance of the consular and diplomatic service and a thousand and one other services, not to mention the public regulation of railroads and other public utilities and the enforcement of the Volstead act. I submit that when the real story is told there is no reason to fear a comparison of the results obtained from these expenditures of tax receipts with the results obtained from the expenditure of any other portion of the national income . . .

"I fear that there is a tendency to regard taxes as an unmitigated burden and any cut in governmental expenditures, whatever its nature, as desirable. This is like looking at the liabilities in the balance sheet without taking note of the assets. Taxes should be paid for value received, and when value is received they are no more of a robbery than any other fair trade. The first thing to find out is whether the things that the government is doing are worth doing at all. If they are not worth while, they ought to be discontinued. But if they are worth doing, they are worth doing well, and a cut in expenditures which makes that impossible is not true economy. It will hurt rather than help the taxpayers. . . .

"Obviously it is error to proceed on the theory that waste, inefficiency and extravagance are of consequence only in the domain of public expenditures. It is quite as important that they should be avoided in every other field of expenditure which absorbs the national income. If the railroad or the coal or the oil or the lumber or the banking business or any other form of industry is wastefully, inefficiently or extravagantly conducted, there is a corresponding burden on society. Somebody must foot the bill and in the end it is the general public which does it. It is quite as important to society, to use an illustration which comes readily to my mind, that the fees of railroad reorganization managers should be held within reasonable limits as it is that the Interstate Commerce Commission should avoid waste in the use of lead pencils. If it be argued that the automatic processes of competition prevent such excesses in private industry, I shall undertake at this time merely to assert that history and experience prove that this is true only within limits. The need for some degree of governmental supervision is conceded; the only real difference of opinion is as to the amount. But in so far as such supervision of business is necessary, it is wasteful folly by the withholding of adequate funds to make that supervision a poor and feeble thing. That is speaking loudly and using a little stick, or the reverse of what the late Theodore Roosevelt used to recommend. . . .

"I have also intimated in what has gone before that expenditures may well be measured and governed to some extent by results. In certain cases true economy may point to an increase rather than a curtailment of expenditure. This is not an anomalous suggestion. A good business man may expand rather than reduce his outgo for the purpose of bettering his income, and the government is no exception to the rule which underlies such practice if

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it wishes to reap full value from its expenditures.

"I can, perhaps, illumine the point by reference to a matter upon which I speak with some hesitation for fear I may be misunderstood. I refer to the matter of salaries. Let me say at the outset that the salary paid to the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission is not of great practical importance, owing to the degree of prestige and honor attached to the position. . . . But the salaries of the members of our staff and the salaries of state commissioners and their staffs are of much practical importance, particularly in view of the present scope of public regulation. In dealing with rate cases a commission ordinarily has opportunity to judge between the evidence of opposing parties each well equipped with counsel and experts. In dealing with such matters, however, as valuation, the issuance of securities, accounting, and the like, a commission is fortunate if it has the benefit of the presentation of two opposing points of view. It is frequently confronted with an ex parte presentation by the carrier or utility alone. This is not because these questions have only one side, but because the general public may not be organized to defend its interests, particularly in matters of much technical difficulty. In such a situation a commission is more than a judicial body; it must, and the law contemplates that it shall, through its own staff act as counsel for the public interest, and often in opposition to the best brains that money can employ. The need for equally good brains on the side of the public interest is manifest. . . .

"I will grant you that the government cannot expect to pay the same scale of salaries as are paid in private enterprise. Leaving out of consideration the possibility that such outside salaries may at times be excessive, I believe it to be true that men, in the higher grades of work at least, will serve their government for less compensation than they will serve private profit. In this respect, perhaps, they fall into a category similar to that of clergymen, physicians and teachers. But it is a mistake to make the sacrifice too great. . . .

"I have endeavored to find out what salaries are paid to state railroad and public utility commissioners at the present time. With returns from all but two commissions I find that the range is from $1,600 to $15,000 per year, and that the average for all commissioners is about $5,174 per year. The maximum salary of $15,000, which is paid in but one state, I happen to know was established more than fifteen years ago as compensation consistent with the duties of the office, after a careful survey of the situation by unusually competent and disinterested men. If it was an adequate salary then, it is an inadequate salary now. In many other cases the much lower salaries now paid have not been changed for many years. In other words the rise in the cost of living and consequent decrease in real wages have received no consideration. . . .

"A further and more important way to promote economy and efficiency is to do everything possible to stimulate and improve the morale in the public service. A discouraged, discontented force will not do good work. Public employes get little recognition and praise; they are more accustomed to kicks. In a magazine article which I read not long ago they were politely and patriotically referred to as 'feeders at the public trough.' As a matter of fact the percentage of hogs in the public service is low, for the best hog opportunities lie elsewhere. But there is a tradition that the public employe is a clock-watching loafer with an appetite for red tape, a tradition which has a vogue equal only to that of the mother-in-law joke, and which those in authority seldom take the trouble to explode. I propose to do some exploding right now. I may have been fortunate, but so far as my experience and observation go in both state and federal service, that tradition has no basis in fact. Confining myself to diplomatic language I might even go so far as to term it a disreputable lie. . . .

"The fault, where there is one, is more likely to be at the top than the bottom. By way of illustration, I have never known our employes to fail to respond cheerfully to a call for overtime work, although they receive no pay for such work. Frequently they work overtime of their own volition. In 1924 a test record of such work during a three months' period showed that it was equivalent to the services of eighty additional men. On more than one occasion we have had to restrain the zeal of some of the key members of our staff with a view to health protection. Yet I know that these same 'feeders at the public trough' have had opportunities to leave the service for better paid positions on the outside. This year our accountants decided, without the slightest suggestion from any member of the Commission, to limit their annual leave to twenty-one days in place of the thirty days permitted by law, in order that they might catch up with their work. . . ."

Mr. Eastman is an exceptionally able, as well as a candid man. It is refreshing to have one who knows speak out for the right kind of public economy.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Fall-Doheny Verdict

ON June 30, 1924, indictments for conspiracy to defraud the United States were returned by a grand jury of the District of Columbia against Albert B. Fall, sometime Secretary of the Interior, and Edward L. Doheny, sometime prospector for oil. At the same time indictments for giving and taking a bribe were returned against both men.

Nine months later both indictments were thrown out in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia because the government had introduced improper persons before the grand jury.

Two months later new indictments for conspiracy were returned, while the decision invalidating the bribery indictments was successfully appealed from.

Eighteen months later the defendants were brought to trial under the conspiracy indictments before one of the youngest juries on record in the District of Columbia.

On December 16, 1926, after listening for weeks to evidence of impropriety in official life, duplicity and lying, that two and a half years ago had shocked the decency of America's honest citizenry, the jury found the defendants not guilty of a conspiracy to defraud the United States.

Doheny stands forth acquitted of conspiracy. Fall must await the issue of a similar charge pending against him and Sinclair before he can lay claim to the same title. But Doheny's claim, according to his counsel, is not merely to innocence. It is more. John McCormack, singer of Mother Machree and photographed tennis guest at the Doheny California estate, testified under oath as to his reputation for patriotism: "It is so high that I hope when I arrive at his age I shall have the same kind of reputation." Frank J. Hogan, winning counsel, could find no sufficient parallel for Doheny save the Man of Galilee: "It is a long time since in another court those words were used while attacking a man. For the purposes of political power they crucified the man who stood at the bar 1,926 years ago."

But "in another court" the leases to Doheny's company were sought to be canceled for the same fraud in their making. Judge McCormick found the charge sustained, and added: "Favoritism, partiality, and discrimination in administering public duties and in reposing valuable public rights in private concerns are often as destructive to governmental integrity and national welfare as bribery." The appellate court found no grounds for disturbing the findings of facts essential to the conclusion that Fall and Doheny were guilty of fraud. That case now awaits the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thus far Doheny's company loses its claim to a reserve of over fifty-nine square miles estimated to contain between 100,000,000 and 250,000,000 barrels of oil, while Doheny goes free.

The Fall-Doheny story begins after the induction into office of Harding's Cabinet on March 3, 1921. Fall resigned in the middle of his third term as Senator from New Mexico to become Secretary of the Interior. Fall as a private citizen was owner of a ranch whose water supply was derived from a contiguous ranch owned by his friend Harris. Harding's new Secretary of the Navy was Edward Denby, sometime Congressman and lawyer but notable mainly for his personal charm and party following. Doheny was then a millionaire affluent in Mexican oil holdings, keen, calculating and ambitious. Through the holdings of his wife, his son and son's wife, he controlled the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company and its subsidiary, the Pan-American Petroleum Company. Pan-Am, the alter ego of Doheny, was then anxious to extend its holdings in California and looked, as did all oil companies, with desirous eyes upon the practically virgin Naval Reserve No. 1, technically "unproven," but, except Teapot Dome, the best gamble in known oil territory in the country.

The other actors in the drama are subordinates. "Judge" Finney was the stolid Acting Secretary of the Interior in Fall's absence. Doctor Bain, Director of the Bureau of Mines, forgetful often of important details, acted as salesman of the Reserve. A. W. Ambrose, Chief Petroleum Technologist of the Bureau of Mines, described by counsel for the defense as "slow-witted," plays the unimportant yet important rôle of being there. Doughty Admiral Robison completes the visible cast. An old sea dog, he was the younger Doheny's superior during the War, maning friends then with the rich scion and his richer father. Wealth had a strange fascination for the Admiral. Like rank in naval life, wealth in civil life carried with it power. Like rank it meant superiority; it demanded a salute. Doheny, as Robison testified, impressed him by his lavishness in tipping a waiter; and it was from Doheny he sought advice on problems of oil drainage in the reserves. It was to Doheny that post-haste he communicated his pride in his appointment as Engineer-in-chief of the Navy, to whom Denby entrusted what administration of oil reserves was then left to the Navy Department. But the Admiral was also the bearer of huge secrets. He professed special knowledge of the Pacific problems, Japan's strength and its plans for mobilization, believing that the only hope for saving the country lay in men like him rather than in the wordy delegates to the Washington Conference. When it came to Japan, like Wilbur, he rattled the sword and saw oil as a necessary lubricant for quickly unsheathing it against the horde of yel-

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low invaders. And Wilbur, sometime Mussolini of the Navy, strove to shield those "secrets" from the perils of cross-examination.

Mention of J. J. Cotter, the "young man" without a "crooked beat in his heart or a crooked thought in his mind," is necessary to make the cast complete. As attorney for Pan-Am, and later personal attorney for Doheny, his name was signed to important documents; he was responsible for suggesting many of the policies challenged at the trial; a friend of Bain, he was familiar with the ropes in the Interior Department through previous employment. Cotter might have said much but, being able to claim a privilege recognized by law as peculiar to attorneys, he was silent. Droves of witnesses came from California to Washington. Cotter was not asked to move twenty feet to the witness stand. The government did not put his privilege to test; the defense made capital of his silence. And Cotter, "as honest a man as ever trod in shoe leather," becomes like the Sphinx a riddle of silence.

With the exception of Cotter and Fall, these men were the chief witnesses in the case. Some of them occupied a day or more on the stand, some less. But from their answers, under the questionings of counsel, the jury had to piece together the alleged conspiracy. To do so is no mean feat of intelligence. To discover behind the conflicting testimony and the mass of documentary evidence the machinations of Fall and Doheny would require painstaking labor and concentrated effort, whereas a reasonable doubt as to their fraudulent character spells acquittal under the law. It is true that certain acts—Fall's lies, Doheny's loan—stand out like mountain peaks above the dull morass of negotiations that culminated in the lease of the reserve; but counsel for the defense covered the peaks with mists of friendship and thunderclouds of war, and even mountain peaks cannot bring conviction if a reasonable doubt of guilt lies hidden in the morass.

It is a complicated story to which the jury listened. Though stripped to the bone, it carries confusion to the reader, for the motives that move men are rarely simple, and are often obscured behind a multiplicity of actions. Some appreciation of these actions is essential, and some conception of the story that the trial reveals must be had if, after the law has judged in its way, the nation shall also ponder upon the verdict of the Washington jury and upon Fall and Doheny.

Shortly after assuming office the Secretary of the Interior, by President Harding's order, was entrusted with the administration of the nation's oil reserves that Congress had placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. Thereafter, as Fall wrote Doheny, the Secretary of the Navy was to be relegated to a position where consultation with him was "to be confined strictly and entirely to matters of general policy." Denby thus occupies a minor part. When Fall suggested that the Navy's accruing royalty oil was to be exchanged for tanks filled with fuel oil at Pearl Harbor, Denby acquiesced. When Admiral Robison was put in charge of the Navy Department's curtailed supervision over oil reserves, Denby, Pilate-like, exclaimed: "That matter of leasing is the most difficult and dangerous thing to be done. It is full of dynamite. I don't want to have anything to do with it."

Robison and Fall by October 25, 1921, had worked out a project for exchanging royalty oil for tankage at Pearl Harbor. They had agreed that "the Interior Department will exercise its best efforts to obtain for the Navy as large royalties and as favorable terms as practicable by public competition or otherwise." It was Fall who inserted those significant words "or otherwise." It was Denby who acquiesced. Doheny was the only outsider who was informed by Fall of this contemplated project. By November 28, he had already secured estimates from construction companies as to the cost of building storage for 1,500,000 barrels of fuel oil at Pearl Harbor and tentatively estimated the cost in oil to his company of undertaking the project.

Meanwhile, Fall's neighbor Harris died. His ranch controlled the water supply of Fall's ranch, and the problem of its acquisition preoccupied Fall. The heirs asked $91,500 for the property. For Fall such a sum was not at hand. Out of friendship, McLean, proprietor of the Washington Post, advanced Fall $100,000 in checks, but requested that he be notified before they should be presented for payment. A loan in that shape did not satisfy Fall, so the Harris ranch still remained an "obsession." But to speak of obessions to millionaires who are one's old friends is to have them removed. A hundred thousand to men such as Doheny is a mere "bagatelle." If the father hasn't it, the son has. Doheny's own balance at the time could only have bought a small suburban lot, not a ranch. It was the son, who, on his personal check, drew a hundred thousand in currency from his bank in New York, and, in Doheny's words, in order to learn "every phase of the business of handling the fortune that I expected some time or other he would handle all of," traveled with the cash to Washington and Fall, and returned to his father with a demand note for that sum. Of course, there was a danger of robbery, but millionaires' sons must "have had something in experience" before they step into the old prospector's shoes.

The note, however, is now torn. Were Doheny et ux. both killed while traveling, his executors would have had to enforce the note against Fall, and its enforcement in the near future would subvert the purpose of the loan. But with the note torn, if Doheny and his wife, who held the signature, were living, it could be produced whenever and wherever one wished; and with them dead in a railroad wreck the son "would have gotten hold of the pieces and he would have known what they meant." Such is genius. A fragmentary legal training was not lost

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on Doheny. Of course, no one else knew of the loan; that might embarrass Fall. And the means adopted left no trace in Doheny's check book, but that is mere accident. So on December 1 Fall and $100,000 left Washington for a country where grass is short and banks are few. "Red-blooded men" in New Mexico deal in cash. So Harris's heirs took ten thousand for a down payment. But the remainder came in checks!

In Washington the Interior and Navy Departments prepared plans for the proposed Pearl Harbor construction. Cotter, Doheny's attorney, kept in close touch with developments, for that was his business. Doheny, however, evidenced a change of mind, for only Robison's conjuring up of a Japanese invasion could now induce him to bid. He was favored with information which Robison had not deigned to present either to Congress, its naval affairs committees, or any other simple citizen. Doheny answered the compliment and promised to bid "at cost." Of course, all the powers that were interested in the Pacific were at the moment in conference in Washington, sufficiently well intentioned toward one another to sign treaties on December 13, 1921, and February 6, 1922. But only Robisons and Wilburs know the real problems of the Pacific, and only one oil company, through Doheny, shared their tremendous secret.

For leasing an oil reserve and building huge storage tanks, silence is golden. The Japanese may otherwise hear of it. But Congress requires competition; so Bain, the high-powered salesman, seeing Fall en route, toured the West. Bain already knew Pan-Am would bid at cost. He learned, however, that the other California oil companies doubted the legality of an exchange of oil for tankage and would not bid. It was thus evident that only Pan-Am would bid as requested. But "competition or otherwise" was demanded and, despite constant storm warnings of illegality, invitations for bids were sent out. To show his good faith, on April 12, 1922, Fall wrote to Denby that he was "holding up the proposed contracts indirectly by taking abundant time for the consideration of bids, etc.," in order to permit Congressional action that would put the legality of the project beyond dispute. But Fall left for New Mexico the next day. And the day after, the Interior Department solemnly discovered three bids. Only Pan-Am's bid complied with the conditions of the proposal. It was also the lowest, but peculiar in that it involved a double bid. Bid A was as requested, but not "at cost." Bid B, patriotically at cost, was about $235,000 less but conditioned on the grant of a preferential right to all further leases in Naval Reserve No. 1. Patriotism often expresses itself in territorial expansion.

Preferential rights are queer things. No one really knows what they are. Even though the right was the heart of Pan-Am's bid, the men who passed upon it claimed no knowledge of its meaning. Cotter didn't really want Bid B to be accepted. Doheny is "as dense as a fool when it comes to the preferential right business." It never had any meaning to him. It doesn't even now. How could it, when he doesn't "remember anything at all about that preferential right"? Robison told Denby that it didn't amount to much and "would merely decrease by one the number of bidders." Ambrose was "certain of a direct saving of $235,184.40." Bain seems to have suspected its possibilities, but was satisfied with joshing his old friend Cotter about it when Cotter depreciated it in his presence. (Some of them are now much wiser, excepting, of course, Doheny.) It enabled Pan-Am to take any lease in No. 1 Reserve on royalties named by the Secretary of the Interior or, by refusing to take it, Pan-Am by equaling the best bidder in competition could take their bid to itself. Such a double-barreled shotgun was evidently unfamiliar to the Interior and Navy Departments. Under it there could be competition, but it was mainly "or otherwise."

Pan-Am was thus awarded the contract on the preferential right basis by the subordinates of the Interior and Navy Departments. Fall from New Mexico on April 18 telegraphed his approval, with no further thought of "holding up the proposed contracts" for Congressional approval. Had not Cotter insisted that Denby sign the contract, the busy Secretary might easily have been overlooked. That patriotic contract of April 25, 1922, actually gave no new leases. But Cotter insisted that the government ought not to take advantage of the "preferential right business" without assuring Pan-Am some kind of a lease. Joshing Bain and the others acquiesced, and on June 5, 1922, Pan-Am got a small lease. Nobody thought this was really valuable. It wasn't. But out in California some of Pan-Am's competitors began to question the patriotic contract. There was even talk of a suit. The solicitous Bain, reporting to Fall, was a little worried about "another phase of it. None of us want Mr. Doheny to get into trouble, and I take it we will want to do anything we can to make it easy for him." (That letter is said never to have reached Fall, because Bain gave it to his old friend Cotter and Cotter to Doheny, and Doheny didn't want any real open sympathy, as his troubles were his own lookout.)

During the summer and fall of 1922, overproduction became an increasing problem in oil, and the Japanese peril haunted Robison. A million and a half barrels of oil in Pearl Harbor was not enough; better to have two or three million more. Then, too, there was more royalty oil coming in than Pan-Am might be able to use. This would have to be sold and the proceeds turned into the Treasury, out of which the Navy could pry them only with a Congressional appropriation. That meant that the Navy would have to go to Congress hat in hand, and what, after all, has Congress to do with the Navy?

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While a plan was being prepared by Doheny and his company to meet the problem of overproduction, Fall at Doheny's request got the Standard Oil and the Pacific Oil to shut down their production. The plan, when definitely outlined, however, embraced the construction of two to five million barrels of storage at tidewater, the establishment of a refinery, building a pipe line, and, in return, merely additional leases on Reserve No. 1. Only the Doheny genius could apply homeopathic principles of further production to cure overproduction. Also the "preferential right business" was slowly getting under way.

Anything that spelled bigger and better storage pleased Robison. Denby was different. Only Robison's protestations to him that the lease of the entire reserve was necessary to prevent drainage, a fact admittedly untrue, brought his acquiescence. So by the end of November negotiations between the smaller fry were under way. Nobody else knew of the leasing project. Inquiries were referred from one Department to another and lost in the shuffle. There was no longer talk or even thought of competition. It was all "or otherwise."

The royalty rate presented the only contentious issue. While the subordinates bickered, Fall and Doheny worked out a compromise rate. That really ended it, but the doughty Robison wanted to make one last stab for the Navy and higher rates. Fall told him to go ahead. But when at the last conference Robison intimated that he thought the Navy was getting bilked, and Doheny, openly nettled, threatened to break off, Robison immediately subsided and agreed to the Fall-Doheny compromise. A show of anger by the rich man was all that was needed to defeat the Admiral.

Such was the culmination of the "preferential right business." It resulted, on December 11, 1922, in leasing practically all of the huge Naval Reserve No. 1. Although secrecy was unnecessary, there was no competition. The preferential right of the April 25 contract had done its work effectively. The Fall-Doheny royalties were probably relatively low, but the reserve was "unproven." It was "unproven" enough to stop Doheny's calculations of profit at the hundred million dollar mark. After all, the Navy would have oil, the country was saved, and what is $100,000,000 more or less?

Such is the story that a District of Columbia jury listened to. But there was a little more. A "gray wolf from Montana," one Walsh, had been on the trail of Fall's sudden affluence and the purchase of the Harris ranch. Fall quickly explained. McLean lent the hundred thousand to him. After all, what is one lie more or less? So Fall told another. "I wish it thoroughly understood that the source from which I obtained the money which I used was in no way connected with Mr. Sinclair or in any way involved in any concession regarding Teapot Dome, or any other oil concession." But of Fall's lying Mark B. Thompson, counsel for the defense, said: "Every red-blooded man in New Mexico is proud of him for it." Stories of Washington and the cherry tree are out of date in New Mexico's schools.

The action of the young Fall-Doheny jury was not too mysterious even before their explanation of the considerations that moved them. In criminal cases guilt must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt, and the conduct of Fall and Doheny becomes frequently obscured behind the petty and confusing bickerings of their subordinates. The indictment was already very old, and where there is a chance of balance staleness can easily swing the scale. Moreover, the facts of the case were extremely complicated and difficult of understanding. There can be little doubt that the jury did not grasp them clearly and in their setting. The defense, led by Hogan, did a deal of explaining and did it very well. When they couldn't do that, they fell back on that "loyal-hearted, clear-headed, soft-spoken little woman who testified for her husband," Doheny. Mark Thompson felt impelled to invoke the thitherto unheard of "daughter of the matrons of Sparta and Rome, that mother of the West," Mrs. Fall. And finally the "splendid figure" of Warren G. Harding was summoned from his "sacred tomb." Only two of the twelve jurors held out for a time against such an appeal. But the acquittal gives neither of the defendants a clean bill of health. Across the four thousand-odd pages of the record is spread a story of lying, deceit, crass stupidity in high official office, and slavishness to the power of wealth. Of Doheny's loan, let Judge McCormick speak: "The injury that it has done the nation, as well as the distrust of public officers that it has caused, cannot be overestimated." Despite John McCormack, no one today hopes to have Doheny's reputation for patriotism. So long as oil is to be had, may there be gray wolves in Montana!

J. M. LANDIS.

Sea-Gull

Strong-winged bird, the one thing free and certain
In a waste of dubious water, buoyed up by nothing but air;
Long, slow curve, deliberate in your parting
Of mist from layers of mist, as though your pilgrimage were

Far, far off, in a world where space has no meaning
And the port is unknown and the sun has forgotten to rise—
On, on, you fly, nor faltering, nor straining;
Pitting your blunt white arrow against the grim bulk of the skies.

Night meets nights, but blackness is not a barrier,
Only another element to trust the body to.
Strong-winged bird, whose atmosphere is terror,
My eyes—and only my eyes—can follow where you flew.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Thumbs Down for Syria

THE Syrian Nationalists, who for nearly two years have waged unremitting guerrilla warfare against their so-called benefactor, France, empowered under the guise of the mandate system of the League of Nations to impose a most unwelcome administration upon its wards, have finally lost faith in the Geneva organization. They have decided to go it alone in the future, regardless whether the road leads to complete extinction of national aspirations, or to eventual success in ousting their oppressors.

With a tenacity that drew the admiration of even the most cynical, the Syrians' spokesmen—l'Emir Chekib Arslan, Ihsan el Djabri Bey, l'Emir Michel Lotfallah and Ruad el Soulh, appealed again and again to the Mandates Commission, to the League Council and to the Assembly. During the past thirty months they have taken rebuff after rebuff with oriental stoicism, believing that sooner or later the soul of the League would be reached and that an impartial commission of inquiry would be sent into Syria to establish the justice of their charges. Their petitions always met with the same reply:

> The prescribed avenue of approach to the Council is through the Mandates Commission; the approach to the Mandates Commission is through the proper administrative authorities of the mandatory power.

It is no longer a secret that the Syrian controversy has all but disrupted the Mandates Commission of the League, and has led to an open break with the Council and to a considerable furore in the Assembly. By dint of persistence and unquenchable faith the Syrians secured the ear, separately and privately, of the members of the Commission—William Rappard, Swiss; Sir Francis Lugard, British; Mme. Bugge-Wicksell, Swede; Friere d'Andrade, Portuguese; Marquis Theodoli, Italian chairman, and others. The Commission, however, found itself powerless to act, no matter how impressed it might be by the injustices alleged—and often proved—by the Syrians. The Covenant of the League, which created the Mandates Commission, specifies that all complaints from the population of the mandated territories shall be through petitions submitted to the mandatory power first, for subsequent transmission, if it sees fit, to the Commission.

The Syrians, for reasons which are obvious, sent their petitions and complaints directly to the Mandates Commission, the League Council and Assembly. Hence they had no "legal" standing. They were out of order, parliamentarily speaking. But while the French could sidetrack these petitions, they could not hush up the events in Syria—bombardments of Damascus, military engagements where casualties mounted into thousands, bombing of defenseless villages and reprisals and military executions of "rebels" by scores—all in an attempt to terrify the malcontents.

Stirred into action by the perfectly obvious violation of the spirit of the mandate, if not the letter, by the various French administrations, the Mandates Commission found itself listening "unofficially and individually" to the recitals of the Syrians. Even members of the League Council and delegates to the Assembly allowed themselves to heed the complaints. The result was that the Mandates Commission decided to enlarge its scope of activity. It asked the Council of the League, to which it bears the relationship of "advisor," whether it would not be well to "hear petitioners verbally" and to "submit a more detailed questionnaire to the mandatory powers" in order that it might more effectively discharge its duties under the Covenant, and more conscientiously "advise" the Council. It even intimated that by sending impartial observers into the mandated area it would be better able to prove or disprove the truth of repeated allegations of misgovernment and maladministration.

To which the League Council—or that part of it representing mandatory powers, Great Britain, France, Belgium and Japan—replied with a vigorous negative. New Zealand, South Africa and Australia, also petty administrators of ex-German colonies, hastened to add their weight to Sir Austen Chamberlain's indignant rebuke to the Commission for seeking to enlarge its prerogatives.

The effect was immediate and dramatic. While the Mandates Commission admitted it had no powers other than "a duty to advise," and that the Council was the only agency which could alter a mandate, and that only with the consent of the interested power, it announced that it received its charter from the Treaty of Versailles and consequently could not be "ordered or instructed" even by the Council itself. The fiery little Fascist chairman, Marquis Theodoli, took no back-talk from the self-important Council, even though it were the words of Sir Austen or M. Briand himself. Said Theodoli:

> We are not the servant of the Council . . . The Commission cannot be dissolved by any authority except itself. It is an independent instrument whose duties are to advise the League Council and to safeguard the interests of the inhabitants of the mandated territories . . . The Council can accept or reject our advice as it sees fit; there is ample reason to believe that certain governments regret they have not accepted it in the past . . . The only force behind us is the force of public opinion.

That is the attitude now held by the Mandates Commission. The Council at its December session

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sought to be conciliatory; but the Commission's sensibilities have not been assuaged and the next meeting should be interesting.

At the Rome session of the Mandates Commission, an earnest appeal was made by that body to the Syrian delegates to seek peace with France. M. de Jouvenel, with a reputation for fair dealing, had been appointed High Commissioner to Syria, with a free hand to reach a solution. The Syrians heeded the suggestion, and made overtures—proposals which both de Jouvenel and M. Briand eventually approved. These demanded that France should recognize the independence and national sovereignty of Syria and conclude a treaty with her for the duration of twenty years; that a constituent Assembly, freely elected, for the purpose of providing a constitution and designating a national government, should be convoked not later than two months after the cessation of all disorders; that, in view of the fact that the text of the League Mandate mentions only two states, Syria and the Lebanon, France should agree in principle to the unity of the territory of Syria, which she has split up into several districts; that France should pledge herself to propose and support the admission of Syria into the League of Nations, one year after the cessation of all disorder; that the French army should evacuate Syrian territory in proportion as the national Syrian army was organized (with the assistance of French officers approved by Syria); that France should promulgate a general amnesty, as soon as the agreement was signed, relieve the Syrian villages and districts from war penalties and aid Syria in reconstructing the regions destroyed by bombardments; that Syria should have the right of diplomatic representation at Paris and in other countries; and that disputes concerning the interpretation of the agreement should be referred to the Court of International Justice at the Hague.

Through an intermediary—who shall be nameless—arrangements were made for the Syrian delegation to go to Paris, even though a death sentence hung over Ihsan el Djabri. The details were completed and for forty days the Syrians remained ready to affix their signatures. Finally, along with an announcement of M. de Jouvenel's impending resignation, came the information that the Foreign Office and M. Poincaré had refused at the last moment to accept the terms arranged by the foreign minister and the high commissioner. From other sources it was learned that M. Philippe Berthelot, permanent Foreign Office official, and M. Ponson, newly appointed High Commissioner, "did not want peace at the moment."

Then the Arabs lost hope.

The big outstanding fact remains—the Commission is powerless to remedy the Syrian situation. The mandates system devised by the Versailles Conference has failed completely so far as Syria is concerned. Without recourse it entrusted to a power the sacred obligation of "rendering administrative advice and assistance to Syria until such a time as that country is able to stand alone," and then bound its own hands more tightly by authorizing the administrative power to use any means at its command to "preserve order." Maintaining order, for the French, has meant waging major warfare for over two years against a rebellious native population, part of which at least does not know what it means to surrender.

ALBIN E. JOHNSON.

Geneva.

Football as Big Business

NOW that the record-breaking season is well over and the football financial reports are coming in, it is possible to examine a bit into some economic foundations of the football business. One conclusion is worth speculating with, and I tender it as a diverting idea well buttressed by facts:

Should the undergraduates of America tomorrow by some miracle demand that college football be made a game for its own sake, played for the fun of it, the presidents and trustees could not, for financial reasons, turn it over to them. Let us see.

Yale during the last fiscal year received from the public three-quarters of a million dollars for her football games; thirty schools during the past season averaged receipts of over $500,000.

Now in America, where dollars are good symbols of accomplished facts and rigidly established circumstances, such a figure as Yale's $740,876.01 should stop at once all talk of "abolishing intercollegiate football." The nation simply loves the game. If further proof is needed, turn to the Associated Press estimates of the last season's gate receipts for the country of $30,000,000, paid in by 15,000,000 fans. In the single Army-Navy game our future heroes taught their admirers to pay till it hurt, to the tune of $10 and $15 a pluck, the gate receipts plus speculators' profits easily totaling a round million dollars. To be really good, a large university game must draw a crowd nowadays of some 70,000 people, a crowd equivalent to the population of Nevada.

Now $30,000,000, or any amount approaching it, can surely be said to represent an Economic Force capable even in college of producing an effect. The purpose of this excursus is not to find out why people paid the $30,000,000 to see the college games, but to show what vested interests such immense annual receipts have created in the undergraduate schools.

The real force of this money lies in the fact that large groups within the institution have come to *depend* on it. The graduate managers, answering charges of corruption, have shown again and again that their huge surpluses are necessary to the support of some seventeen other sports; at Yale last

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year football gave them $175,000. But this dependence means that the football team must give a professional exhibition of the highest quality to draw the gate away from competitors; and, in America, it simply has to win. Failure means a deficit, the seventeen sports go begging, and this is called a breakdown for "the whole year's program of mass athletics."

Not only do the other sports lean on football success; the alumni depend on it to pay their way out on the stadium. This structure (being built by everybody, and always in excess of present demand) means bondholders who simply have to be paid off; therefore seats must be sold; therefore the team must provide the pyrotechnics and must win; ergo, it has to be a professional team, say what you will. It is not because alumni friends may be financing his scholarship that the player is professional, or because his training-table bills are indifferently collected: he is a professional as the weary doctor is, because so many other people's fortunes are dependent on his skill and his results. Both often render professional services free.

Add the financial interest of self-supporting fellow-students. This, too, lies openly in the record. The Board of Athletic Control at Stanford University, according to the alumni magazine, "offers work to ten times as many students as any other [Stanford] organization, and [last year] nearly $15,000 was paid to student employes." At the California game alone there were 340 ushers, 85 ticket-takers, 300 traffic guides, and other paid student workers to the aggregate of 829.

Is it not absurd, when the football plant requires the investments and labor of thousands of people, to ask whether the handful of actual players are being "subsidized" or not? These financial interests within the family: of working undergraduates, of baseball and tennis players, of alumni bondholders, are quite strong enough to take out any "amateur" spontaneity from varsity football without needing any bribery at all. And then these inside interests, arising from the gate receipts, are fully equaled by the income of outsiders from the game. The Southern Pacific Railway alone is enabled by a single "Big Game" at Palo Alto to pocket the profits from twenty-five special trains and 250 coaches. Theatres, restaurants, shineboys, sports writers, program-makers, advertisers, taxi companies, bootleggers, haberdashers, florists' shops, rubber balloon manufacturers, hotels, bookies, department stores, gasoline stations, and the radio absorb as much money from any sizable game as does the gate itself, and exercise a corresponding pressure.

It should not be necessary to do more than mention the well known correlation between a winning team and gifts to the institution, between a successful season and the enrollment, to spike down the proposition that football is a thoroughly professional enterprise, thoroughly bound up with financial interests, and as directly under administration control as the department of Latin or the treasurer's office. It can no more be treated playfully than can the heating plant.

A simple economic inquiry like the above would be superfluous if people were not continually arguing football issues in the tall ether of altogether spiritual loyalties and moralities. Friends of colleges abhor "professionalism," meaning thereby the foul bribing of the individual player or some other romantic notion, and simultaneously subscribe money to a stadium which fastens professionalism, in the form of simple financial responsibility, forever on the team. The undergraduate body basks in admiration of football Virtue and Glory, but would be horrified at the idea of developing character by managing its own games; for the professional coach and graduate manager provide the chance for managerships and committeeships and cheerleaderships with a great deal more of publicity.

One kind of president spreads perfume. His statistics infer that time spent in discussion of the chances is a positive aid to mental growth, because football men "average higher in scholarship" than the silly little bleacher-warmers attracted to school by their efforts. A still more frequent type is waiting with the head of Wabash College for somebody else to take away temptation to moral wrong: "The educational authorities will be able to cope with the existing annoyances . . . if the sports outside will cease interfering with the sportsmen inside our institutions." Very neat, after several millions of dollars have been transferred from the outside in! The presidents have won their annual battle with the reformers by denying any irregularity in the enforcement of the amateur rules. . . .

That the institution of football has economic roots does not in the least spoil the game which people are willing to pay $30,000,000 a season to see. It only proves that the game is not an amateur affair. The burden of the amateur delusion, however, is doing daily damage. Sheer economic forces working through this delusion are now able to force players (out of "loyalty") into a service which they sometimes hate. Economic forces hiding behind educational catch-words have come to dominate the campus till leading undergraduates declare football a nuisance to all educational morale. Meanwhile economic convenience has caused the educational authorities to jam wind and hide behind small reforms which the economic interests have forthwith twisted out of the way. The best thing for football would be to deal with it as it really is, to treat it in a professional manner, as a professional thing. College administrators should admit that if by some miracle tomorrow the undergraduates of America should demand that football be made a game just for the fun of it, the college, for financial reasons, could not turn it over to them.

DOUGLAS P. HASKELL.

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Washington Notes

IT must fill the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, now so peacefully and profitably engaged in the practice of law, with a tremendous urge to do something about it when he sees the frightful hash his successor as Secretary of State has made of the relations between this country and Latin America which he labored so hard and successfully to place upon a permanently amicable basis. But Mr. Hughes, who, I am credibly informed, is making these days the fattest fees with the least effort of any lawyer of our times, has no right to champ at the bit, paw the ground, gnash his strong white teeth or even pull peevishly at his well known whiskers. Because unless my memory plays me false it was Mr. Hughes who really selected his successor. It is true that Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge knew and liked each other in the Senate—attracted, it is said by some, by the strange bond of mutual futility—but it is also true that Mr. Kellogg would not have stepped into Mr. Hughes's shoes if it had not been for the Hughes endorsement. At least that was generally accepted at the time, was never denied and there seems every reason to believe it true.

At that period Mr. Coolidge leaned very heavily on Mr. Hughes and was filled with apprehension and alarm at his leaving. It is not generally known, but at the time of Mr. Hughes's resignation Mr. Coolidge also came very close to losing Mr. Hoover, who had about made up his mind that there was no reason why he should continue to endure a lot of pin pricks from petty professional friends of the farmer in and out of Congress, and that public life was not worth while. Those close to him know that it was with considerable difficulty Mr. Hoover was induced to abandon the idea that the thing to do was to follow Hughes into retirement and that when the suggestion reached the White House it filled the New England bosoms of the little White House circle, some of whom did not then and do not now love him personally, with real alarm. But all that's an old story. Hoover didn't go, the Coolidge fright was allayed, the Kellogg appointment, blessed by the retiring Hughes, got by with a minimum of criticism.

I never have understood Mr. Hughes's endorsement of Kellogg as his successor any more than I have understood his endorsement of Charles Beecher Warren for Attorney General and I have never heard any satisfying explanation of either. Neither one is in the least Mr. Hughes's type and it is hard to conceive of any sort of personal bond between them. At the time Mr. Kellogg was named it was generally recognized of course that a second rate man was succeeding a first rate one, that he would naturally rattle around in the Hughes shoes, but it was not appreciated how much. There are as I see it two basic things the matter with Mr. Kellogg as Secretary of State. One is that he is a weak man, the other is that he is a vain man. When you clothe that sort of man with power it is not a good combination. Add to these personal characteristics the fact that representatives of American business with interests in foreign countries have easier access to the State Department and a greater chance to cloud the none too clear minds that dominate there than ever before and you have the real explanation, I think, of the pitiable failure of our so-called foreign policy. It is not that Mr. Kellogg is either sinister or bad. His intentions are entirely pure, but his diplomacy is terrible nevertheless. It will hardly be denied that he was put to ignominious flight by President Calles, that in the Tacna-Arica affair he mismanaged things so completely that it is impossible to tell whether Peru, Chile or Bolivia is most resentful, that he has succeeded in alarming and irritating most of the nations in South America.

It is true he is not responsible for the debt policy that has piled up such a mountain of hate against us in Europe, but his failures in the field where he has had a free hand have been singularly complete. If it were not for the politically supine and subservient state of the American press with a few notable exceptions, he would long ago have been thoroughly discredited. This brings me to the Coolidge admonition made under the cloak of the White House Spokesman to the newspapers which had been critical of the administration's "foreign policy." I do not propose to get myself into a heated state of mind over this Presidential effort to apply Quai d'Orsay methods to the American press, but I cannot refrain from pointing out that all of the administration organs have fallen nicely into line and from not one of them has there been so much as a peep of protest at having their duty laid down for them by their party leader, and being informed by the Presidential Spokesman as to their dereliction. If there has been any protest I have missed it. You would think that in even the most stalwart Republican editor this sort of thing would arouse real resentment and produce an outspoken declaration concerning the liberty of the press and its right to criticize freely whenever it gets good and ready. It did from the New York Times, the New York World and perhaps one or two others that I failed to see, but for the most part they took it lying down.

Not only that, but a day or so later the most important organs headed by the scintillating Herald-Tribune, hastened to explain editorially that Mr. Coolidge was not only perfectly right in the Nicaraguan interference, but that there was nothing else he could have done—and this with our situation there getting more hopelessly muddled, less dignified and more dangerous every day. While we are on this subject of the press I herewith echo the hope so optimistically expressed by the World that the Associated Press will inform Mr. Kellogg that he has made it "the goat" in his effort to escape from the admission that Assistant Secretary Olds was responsible for the sensational report sent out on November 16 by the Associated Press to the general effect that Mexico was fostering Bolshevistic propaganda and movements hostile to the United States in South America. The Associated Press, it will be recalled, declared the information came to it from sources which it had a right to expect "correctly represented the views of the government." After a month's silence Mr. Kellogg formally denied that the State Department "or any of its officers" had given the Associated Press the information. The facts of the case are perfectly well known in Washington by every newspaper correspondent or observer interested enough to want to know. The Associated Press is right and Mr. Kellogg wrong. The Associated Press

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has been made the goat. But will the Associated Press play the rôle of goat without bleating? Along with the World, I hope not. Perhaps by the time this appears in print the Associated Press will have told Mr. Kellogg just where he gets off and that neither Mr. Kellogg nor any other public official from President down can treat the Associated Press in that way. Perhaps that will happen but I am not sure. Since the Associated Press thought that Bruce Barton interview with Mr. Coolidge last summer was news and not propaganda you can't be sure what it will do. It might send out the thrilling story of Mr. Kellogg's boyhood days on the old Minnesota farm.

Turning to the Democrats for a moment: while a great clatter is still kept up in certain quarters about Mr. McAdoo and there is talk of his entering this and that state primary in the spring—as he probably will—the idea that he has any chance to be nominated is not to be taken seriously. It is clear he has shot his bolt. The real candidate of the drys, I am told by crafty Democrats in and around the Senate, is Edwin T. Meredith of Iowa. The talk about Senator Walsh is not offensive to him, but not seriously intended. The real convention candidate of the dry leaders is Mr. Meredith. McAdoo will do the preliminary fighting, but when the show-down comes, Meredith is the man to whom they will turn. It is an interesting idea, particularly when it is recalled that Mr. Meredith refused to allow himself to be nominated for Vice-President on the Davis ticket in 1924 and not long ago in New York earnestly declared his belief that Mr. McAdoo is still a noble and splendid soul who must be nominated if the Democratic party is to be saved and the country kept from falling apart, or words to that general effect.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Brothers Karamazov

The Brothers Karamazov, based on Dostoyevsky's novel, by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué, translated by Rosalind Ivan. The Guild Theatre, January 3, 1927.

I HAVE the novel before me, but the play that we see at the Guild Theatre must of course stand by itself. It is a long play in five acts, beginning with a scene in the monastery courtyard, where we are given the threads to be woven into the play that follows, and ending with Ivan's going mad. We see in the course of the story the love affairs of Dmitri, his devotion to Agrafena Alexandrovna and his relation to Katerina; we see the four sons with old Karamazov their father, the murder of Karamazov by the epileptic bastard, Dmitri unjustly sentenced for the crime, and his departure for Siberia in an exaltation of sacrifice and atonement, followed by Agrafena and his religious brother, Aliocha.

As a play this Copeau-Croué version of Dostoyevsky's matter has a fair pattern of unity. The characters are, as theatre at least, effectively drawn. The dialogue will pass, unless, that is, you take it as a rendering of that intimate, subtle, outpouring talk that we know in the Russians of Chekhov, Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky himself, in which case it lacks all feeling, flow and centrifugal truth. Some of the dramatic motivation is striking, some, as in the whole of the second act almost, confusing and only to be understood in the light of the novel.

When the Moscow Art Theatre gave The Brothers Karamazov they, as everybody knows, presented scenes from the book, with narrative passages at intervals to connect them and to achieve a certain kind of continuity. This arrangement that M. Copeau presents introduces quite another sort of continuity, one which winds up what the unfinished novel leaves unshaped and never would have shaped, and which contrives a definite line of cause and action.

The result is effective theatre, I should say, with most of the bottom dropped out of it. I believe none of it for a moment; I see a degree of expertness and solidity in the conception, but I am never moved by it in any sense that I am moved by great art, and especially by great Russian art. By stage manipulation and remarkable directing, that third act with its stair, its shadows, the old man going out to an assignation and meeting his death, gave me considerable theatre excitement. But I never felt for an instant any of the pity and trembling life in which all Dostoyevsky's terrible and sordid and transcendent events and characters are set. I had only the sense of a plot thinly supported by the life on which it draws, and of a good deal of unnecessary because empty theatre woe.

As an example take the scene where Dmitri departs for exile, his soul full of mystical passion of atonement and love, and the other personages beseech him to let them arrange his escape. As I saw it at the Guild Theatre it might have been out of Leacock almost. All this determination to be tragic, to self-sacrifice, all this busy protestation from various positions on the stage, seemed only foolish; nothing had been created out of which it might come, and nothing put into it that would make its unreasonableness divine. There are people who are always talking about naturalness on the stage and about the unnatural, by which for the most part they mean the formal. Such people should ponder such a scene in The Brothers Karamazov. Naturalness in a work of art consists in its being true to its own nature. Unnaturalness derives from two defects: the work of art may depart from its own special nature, like a realistic gesture in Œdipus King or a formal gesture in The Cherry Orchard; or the work of art may fail to create any essential quality or nature in which its parts may participate. This latter kind of unnaturalness we see in this Karamazov scene. In it there is created nothing by which what goes on before our eyes is true.

As it stands the only thing that could deepen and save this drama is the acting. It provides superb rôles for the actors and it depends on their powers and their complexity for its meaning, in so far as it has any, for even in the hands of fine actors what happens would seem rather cooked up after all. If it is not to be superbly acted, I should prefer this play gaily done as Grand Guignol, which after all is often what it is.

The acting in the Guild production ranges from that of Mr. Morris Carnovsky, who has no idea of what the mystic Aliocha would be like and turns him into a vapid Servant in the House, to Mr. Dudley Digges, Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss Lynn Fontanne, who play carefully and, within surface limits, well enough—Miss Fontanne in the

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comedy passages plays delightfully. Mr. Edward G. Robinson as the epileptic gets farther into his part than anyone else. But you would have to nurse very simple requirements indeed to think that at any moment there appears the terrible immediacy of feeling and the wildness of heart and soul that would accompany such a life history as this set forth in the plot. It is all good enough mechanics, but would anyone think there was torture or ecstasy or consuming life anywhere about it? Even that subtle quality of frankness and meditation and emotion that is in Russian speech comes ous self-conscious and effective from the actors, though its place is in a warm stream of life and its centre is barbaric, disordered and quivering.

Only from within could actors create these characters as Dostoyevsky means them to be; he strips them down to their naked souls and in that nakedness their mystery becomes all the greater. They cannot be explained, but are only understood as gigantic manifestations of life. Their torture, passion, vision and their vague, blazing actions are all aspects of this vitality. And from all these, the passion, madness, gloom, ecstasy and disease, what emerges is only true in the light that Dostoyevsky creates them in, in which everything human, however dark or mad, however beautiful or sordid, moves in a kind of glory. Theatre gloom, horror, variety and sequence, however sincerely intended and expert, are poor substitutes for this.

The chief credit for the occasion goes to M. Copeau. The elements that make up the whole of it are hollow: the play is obviously one that is largely contrived; the acting is obedient and laborious but unconvincing; and it stands to reason that so rich a material and one so foreign cannot be injected into American stage playing at will and in the course of a few weeks. But the lay-out of the production is noble and cogent; the method is direct and pure, without mixed intentions and trite appeal.

For the scenes in Karamazov's house M. Copeau has retained his wonderfully expressive device of the stair at the back and the gallery above by which the various sons and the father go to and from their rooms. And Mr. Raymond Sovey, though two of his settings are not very good, has included this stair in what is one of the most imaginatively designed and lighted settings of the season. The make-ups are far ahead of former Theatre Guild productions. The peasant scene at the inn, so essential to the dramatic mood, has about as resonant a tone and volume of sound as an ice-cream supper. The life, alas, that this sound implies is not the life that could produce such characters and events—which sums up the occasion.

STARK YOUNG.

What Author, Please?

DO you like to know who a book's by?" asks Mr. E. M. Forster in his Anonymity: An Enquiry (the Hogarth Press, London).

Yes, we most certainly do; there are few facts connected with literature we would rather know, unless it be any other inside fact about the author of a book. The answer to this question, and to all the questions as to habitat, married state, income, favorite food, secrets of health, which inevitably follow, thrills literate Americans, particularly of the more bookish sex, right down to the roots of their bobbed hair.

But let us return to Mr. Forster a moment and to his wise and witty essay, the argument of which runs about like this: "All literature tends toward a condition of anonymity, and, so far as words are creative, a signature merely distracts us from their true significance . . . " Literature "wants not to be signed . . . it is always tugging in that direction and saying, in effect: 'I, not my author, exist really.' " After we have read a book, we begin to wonder who wrote it, and how much rent he pays. This is studying the book. "Study is only a serious form of gossip. It teaches us everything about the book except the central thing, and between that and us it raises a circular barrier which only the wings of the spirit can cross. . . . While the author wrote he forgot his name; while we read him we forget both his name and our own." Later "we drag him into the realm of information, and learn a thousand things, but we have lost the pearl of great price. . . . "

What oyster does the pearl spring from? Obviously, as Mr. Forster says, from that part of a writer which is furthest from his superficial self (the self which is photographed and lunches out and signs limited editions and loves shepherd dogs and dies on a Tuesday the seventeenth): the deeper ,unseen levels which he himself knows nothing about, but which are the source of all he creates, if it is any good. This buried source is fuller in some than in others, the quality of anonymity varies from one writer to another. The quality of anonymity is also independent of mere namelessness, you will find it in perfectly well known authors whose lives you can look up in encyclopædias, as well as in old ballads and folk-songs.

A book, poem or story which has this quality has also the quality of inevitability; it does not seem possible that it could have been made or wanted to be made in any other way. Much art, and often a little artifice too, has gone into its making, and has improved it, but the core of it has sprouted up irresistibly from nowhere, and its core is what counts in the end. So that what a writer has within him, too far within for his conscious prunings and elaborations appreciably to alter, is what will in the end determine the durability of what he writes. But this deep, intimate source does not spout mechanically like a spring of water, it may gush for a while, only as suddenly to dry up for a maddening interval, perhaps forever; it can be coaxed and wheedled a little today by means which tomorrow will fail to squeeze from it a single drop; it is painfully vulnerable, and all sorts of unforeseeable, invisible causes will make it hopelessly embarrassed and shy. Physicians specializing in the creative process have with difficulty hit upon a few of the causes that inhibit it, and they assure us that there is good reason to believe that several agents in American life are unfriendly to its flow. Of these, the chief is without doubt that attention to himself, that gross identification of the self he knows with the self others tell him about, which prevailing custom forces upon almost every artist. He starts out, if he has achieved something fairly good, with faith in the achievement and little concern for him-

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self. He does not say, to his mirror, "You there with the snub-nose and the three frontal fillings are the author of those fine tragic passages in Chapter XVI." He is, in relation to himself, to some degree still anonymous. And what happens to him? The publisher of his first book commands his photograph, circulates it widely, blurbs up his private life, is disappointed if the facts are no meatier than that he was born on a farm and went to night school and met Theodore Dreiser in Chicago, and is delighted if he can throw glamor on an historical novel by yelling that its author was a tramp, a prisoner, came from Hungary on a cattle-boat and walked eighty miles to his mother's death-bed in zero weather. Even at this early stage of his "personalization," our author may find that he can no longer so easily let down to his soul's arcana those buckets in which, Mr. Forster assures us, are brought up all that of literature is lasting or worth while. And if he succeeds and his books begin to sell, the secret waters often vanish altogether, never to flow again.

Or if by good luck and hard sense this first introduction to himself has no ill effects, what happens with the years spent in the public favor will probably conquer him in the end. The death-blow comes when our author finds that people are beginning to turn around and look after him in the street, because their accurate newspaper-reading minds connect this figure, so quietly walking along, with that author in the Sunday section, surrounded, at his Elkhurst bungalow, by daughters and dogs and sons and briar pipes. But before this stage is reached he will have to undergo a great deal of minor persecution. "Now are you *really* Mr. Spink, the author? It must be so interesting to be able to write books like that! Your wife must be *so* proud of you! No, not married? Well, look out or you soon will be! Tee-hee! Now do tell me, how did you *ever* imagine a character like Gloria?" And the person, of undetermined sex, who so talks to him, will spread the news among her fellows that she "has just met the most interesting man, Mr. Spink, the author, himself! He's not at *all* like you would expect. He told me *such* things about his next book! And he's really very nice looking. And he doesn't button the last button of his waistcoat buttons." And our author, unless he has a little sense left, will find himself exposed to the dreary winds of dinner-parties, and will be asked questions, just because he has written a novel of happy married life, about the Mayas, and Greenwich Village, and Iowa politics, and Spengler, and Paul Valéry, which he will answer with equally humiliating silence or imbecility. Or if he manages to shun such functions he can hardly avoid being written up, toward the last third of his career, by a young woman from the American Magazine, wherein he appears in a large half-tone on his front lawn, in shirtsleeves and with his hands full of grass-seed, as the originator of some such general remarks as these: "The secret of my ability to turn out novels like Cynthia's Springtime regularly every four years lies in hard work, and hard work, and then some more hard work. I never worry, but write a thousand words a day whether I feel like it or not. A little time with the bulbs and manure straightens out any kink. I recommend bicycling and the daily reading of some well recognized classic as an antidote to mental torpor."

After his death, of course, is the saddest time for an author. He cannot answer, he has usually no friendly medium at hand in his cycle of the underworld to act as transmitter of his indignation or perhaps his gratitude. Very likely he does not even read what his old friend Bicking says about him in Happy Memories of an Editor Among Authors: "I well remember Spink's first appearance in our editorial sanctum. He was somewhat down at heel, and I well remember saying to Perks, at that time editor-in-chief, 'Looks like the ashman to me.' But it was no other than Spink; with the manuscript of Delia Darn, soiled with many rejections, sticking out of his pocket. Later of course, we became fast friends, and used to dine frequently at the old Hochbrow House, made famous by Huneker. I well remember that Spink was always fond of a good joke. I still have, among my most treasured possessions, a copy of a very facetious note from Spink asking me to meet him somewhere, which I shall to my dying day regret that I failed to do. I well remember."

Spink is luckily out of it when the Outlines of American Literature and Duco Decades and Fictionists of the Thirties and Wives of Famous Novelists and Missouri Men of Letters begin to turn their attention to him. With never a word for the "curiously anonymous quality" of his masterpiece Ella Link, they will paw over his letters, his deeds, mortgages, marriages, ancestry, college degrees, notebooks, library, stamp-collection, herbarium and mended socks, seeking to find the "influences" which caused his work to be—well, what it was. The more literary of these grubbers will weave him, with smart inaccuracy, into the background of his age, passing with mile-wide winks from hip-flasks and sales conventions to Spink's maladjusted teeth, or his queer meeting with Spank, whom he never forgave. Or they will compose long chapters about Spink's "formative period," when he was selling insurance, about his own particular "Sturm and Drang," when his teeth bothered him, about the "Halcyon Days," when Martha Murphy was selling a thousand copies a day and he began to break a hundred at golf.

It would be pleasant to have an enormous quantity of money, if only for the purpose of bribing as many authors as possible (the number of them who could be bribed would surprise you) to bring out their books for the next two or three years anonymously. And then, somehow, to induce the personality-poisoned public to engage in vast guessing contests as to who wrote what, which of the books were written by men, and which by women. The bewilderment, rage and insane guesswork would be highly diverting. A refinement of cruelty might be added by offering prizes, or, better yet, by getting the authors themselves to do a little guessing about each other, or, best of all, to enter all the critics and reviewers into the contest, too. And at the end distribute several thousand booby prizes.

But some bright spots remain, in the persons of those, a dwindling minority, who will say to you, "I've just read the most fascinating book. What? It's by . . . It's by . . . No, I can't for the life of me remember who wrote it." God bless 'em! R. L.

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A COMMUNICATION

The Pragmatic Acquiescence: A Reply

SIR: In dealing with Mr. John Dewey's criticism of The Golden Day I have an ignoble advantage. I fired my shots in cold blood: he has retaliated in a mood that, alas! has spoiled his aim a little. Were it not for Mr. Dewey's position as a philosopher, I could afford to let his article speak for itself: but I respect his place and his claim too sincerely not to feel the duty of making a reply. In order to meet Mr. Dewey on the ground he has chosen, the reply shall take the form of a personal confession.

Let me first, however, make myself clear on one point. Mr. Dewey reproaches me with bringing him into line with a "formula," by deliberately misquoting and misunderstanding a passage at the end of Chapter Nine in his Experience and Nature. The paragraph in which Mr. Dewey brings this charge is not, precisely, a model of fair quotation; and lest any reader think that Mr. Dewey has scored off me here, I would only ask that he examine Mr. Dewey's chapter as a whole, and compare it with my criticism in The Golden Day, rather than in Mr. Dewey's report. I should be happy to think that Mr. Dewey and I agreed on what constitutes fine art. In the passage he refers to, his writing is a very elaborate barricade against such understanding and agreement.

This is the only issue Mr. Dewey has raised that concerns my morals as a critic. Let me now discuss the general issues.

Mr. Dewey is surprised and pained at the criticism of William James particularly because I have not followed the popular estimate nor accepted the usual stereotypes of "modern," "experimental," "radical" as eulogistic descriptions of their philosophies. I am honored that Mr. Dewey chose The Golden Day to stand the brunt of his attack: but where on earth has he been these last ten years, not to have felt the sting of this criticism before? Roughly speaking, most of my generation began as pragmatists. I studied Pragmatism and A Pluralistic Universe before I had read a word of Plato, and I knew something about "utilitarian idealism" many years before I had read Aristotle or Spinoza. Randolph Bourne was a professed follower of James and Dewey; and the very first biographic note appended to an article of mine in 1914 proudly stated that I was a pragmatist.

I do not renounce that early claim: I have learned much from Mr. Dewey and trust that I will learn more. But pragmatism as an approach to life must be judged by its own criterion; and as a complete philosophic orientation, it has come to seem to many of us, not false, but insufficient. I can claim no originality in arriving at this perception: Bourne reached it before me: so did Van Wyck Brooks in Letters and Leadership: so did Waldo Frank in Our America. We were, perhaps, the ungrateful heirs of William James's great liberation; but it was part of our sad experience to find that the philosophy which had rescued the academic world from an arid theological provincialism was in itself also a provincialism.

Mr. Dewey reiterates with praise William James's central intuition of a "universe which is not all closed and settled, which is still in some respects indeterminate and in the making, which is adventurous"—and so forth: but the fact is that Emerson had expressed all these things a whole generation before James. James's singular achievement was to articulate an academic skeleton, which in Emerson's writings had body and flesh. Now, in no place have I belittled this contribution of James, derivative though it was. I specifically said that "the feeling of boundless possibility that springs from James's pages was one of the healthy influences of the frontier." But however thoroughly this feeling infused itself, with all its implications, in James's philosophy and gave it its twist of novelty and originality, it scarcely sufficed as a complete Anschauung. The fact that William James's philosophy could seem to upset the academic universe only shows in what a small universe his contemporaries dwelt.

What was the most important consequence of Pragmatism? One of the most important, surely, was Mr. Dewey; for he carried the Jamesian outlook into the industrial world. In The Golden Day I said that "the weakness of Mr. Dewey's instrumentalism is a weakness of practical emphasis. He recognizes the place of the humane arts, but his preoccupation has been with science and technology, with instrumentalism in the narrow sense, the sense in which it occurs to Mr. Babbit and to all his followers who practice so assiduously the mechanical ritual of American life." In his present defense, Mr. Dewey has, unfortunately, exhibited his confusion and his bias once again. Living in a world which, for lack of other interests and diversions, has directed all its energies into the mechanical arts and the knowledge that makes them possible, he talks as if the means necessary to the fulfillment of ends or ideals were inevitably scientific or mechanical means. Hence his belief that simply by understanding science and technology conceived as instruments we are in a better position to fulfill the ends of life itself.

This is one of the theological dogmas of the industrial age; and one has only to translate it into concrete terms to see that it is nonsense. The people who originally built and worshiped in Chartres appreciated fine art, if any community ever did; their appreciation was not the exclusive possession of a leisure class. Did they need lithography, illustrated lectures and historic guidebooks to achieve the spiritual state in which fine art became a function of their daily life? If they did, or if our own position in the fine arts is superior, Mr. Dewey is right. If they didn't, then science and technology have a limited and not a universal function in describing and modifying the world we live in.

The point is that the sum total of life has a much greater sphere than that which science, technology, or its philosophic counterpart, instrumentalism, habitually covers. Feeling this lack in the body of Mr. Dewey's thought, if not in its abstract outline, our generation has reached out to other thinkers and has attempted to assimilate to its own experience the elements that physical science and technology squeezed out of the foreground. Spinoza, Santayana, Croce, or in my particular case; Plato and Patrick Geddes, have given us a hold on wider realms of thought and life than the pragmatists have been interested in. This does not mean that we have lost contact with the industrial world, or retreated from it. Speaking merely for myself, the interest in technology, which made me enter a technical high school at thirteen, become a laboratory helper in the Bureau of Standards, and a professional radio operator has persisted: it forms a basis for my active interests in architecture, city planning and regional development.

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At every turn in dealing with this practical world, however, we are faced by the fact that knowledge of the necessary technique is common enough to be taken for granted, and that the ability to conceive new forms and channels for life to run in, the ability to think creatively with the artist who says "I will" rather than causally with the scientist who says "It must" is what is lacking. The desiccation and sterilization of the imaginative life has been quite as important an historic fact as the growth of a sense of causality, an insight into what Mr. Dewey calls "means-consequences." Acting alone, without a counterpoise in the creative imagination, our narrow instrumentalism has left us impotent: all the "agencies and instrumentalities with which natural science through technologies equips mankind" will not in this situation help us much more than the king's horses and men helped Humpty-Dumpty.

Mr. Dewey seems to believe that the "ends" or "ideals" will come into existence of themselves, if only we pay careful heed to the means. I do not share this belief; and in view of what has happened during the last three centuries, it seems to me one of bland complaisance or blind optimism. A world that has cheerfully accepted Mr. Dewey's attitude is neither puzzled nor horrified by the fact that a great line of creative artists in literature and painting have been maimed or rebellious men. If I have allied myself, more by instinct than by intention, with architects, it is because they have the professional distinction of thinking both scientifically, in terms of means, and imaginatively, in terms of the humanly desirable ends for which these means exist.

Does this make a little clearer the source of the breach that exists between Mr. Dewey and a whole group of the relatively younger critics? It is not that we reject Mr. Dewey: that would be ingratitude: but that we seek for a broader field and a less provincial interpretation of Life and Nature than he has given us. Far from trying to fit the facts of The Golden Day to a pre-ordained pattern, I did Mr. Dewey the historic justice of separating him from James, and of giving him credit for participating in the active but bewildered idealism of the last twenty years—a more vigorous and realistic period, in many ways, than that which followed the Civil War. If there is malice in the treatment, the facts are responsible: Mr. Santayana might quite as well reproach me for his being placed beside Mrs. Jack Gardner. That Mr. Dewey elbowed Mr. Dreiser, figuratively speaking, in Chicago, and unconsciously absorbed a somewhat similar point of view and similar literary habit is a matter of history; the virtue of the historic method is that understanding leads to pardon!

In The Golden Day I have hinted that there are two Deweys, the central Dewey of the formative period, and another Dewey, still thinking experimentally and freshly, who is reaching out to wider sources of experience. The latter Dewey is the philosopher who has embraced certain aspects of modern art and who hailed Whitehead's Science and The Modern World as a change in the intellectual climate. Did I have the misfortune to rouse the older Dewey into a position of defense, rather than put the new one in a mood of courteous inquisition? If the fault has been mine, I apologize; if it is remediable, I will make amends.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

New York, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

Training in Group Leadership

SIR: Committees and conferences take up so much time that it has become a matter of importance whether the most is made of these occasions for social progress and personal development. An effective technique of group discussion is needed if the individual is to make his maximum contribution toward such meetings and receive the maximum value from them. You have reported a number of experiments in the development of such a technique and have sympathetically followed the growth of creative processes of coöperative thinking.

One need that has proved common to these various ventures and grows stronger as the movement proceeds is that for men and women trained in the art of group leadership. Often one experienced in the technique of the lecture desk, the pulpit or the platform fails to adapt his method to the new objective. What is asked of him is not merely expert knowledge or even superior wisdom. But he must be able so to manage the interplay of minds as to create a progressive change in the controversial situation itself. Under his guidance, an initial clash of attitudes—some of them corresponding to real experiences or interests, others probably mere stereotypes picked up some way or other—must step by step be transformed into a maximum of understanding and appreciation of all the values involved by all. Among these steps are realistic exposition, deeper analysis, infusion of relevant facts or viewpoints that may have been overlooked. The practitioner who masters this art of progressive discussion leadership is rare. To some extent it is, like every other art, a matter of taste and intuition; but the psychology of the process is no longer a complete mystery, and much of the technique can be taught.

Through the coöperation of Columbia University with the executives of some of the national agencies that have felt this need most keenly, a new course for group leaders is to be initiated with the second semester (February 2 to May 27, 1927) under the joint auspices of the University's Extension Department and the private organization called the Inquiry. The course is open to graduate students (with credit at Teachers College) and also to a limited number of others who may be considered qualified by previous experience. The class work will be supplemented by seminars of those interested in similar types of groups and by appropriate supervised field work. Further information may be had from the Secretary of the Inquiry, 129 East Fifty-second Street, New York City.

E. C. CARTER.

New York, N. Y.

An Empire for America?

SIR: The suggestion embodied in the statement of the members of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University in favor of revision of the foreign debt settlements is excellent but one-sided. Last July Senator Borah called attention to the fact that after the War 4,207,392 square miles of territory were divided among the victors, of which England obtained 3,805,000 square miles, an area larger than the United States, including all outlying possessions with Ecuador thrown in for good measure, and France got 402,392 square miles, approximately four times the size of Colorado. If the American government agrees to revision of the debt settlements it is eminently fair that the division of territory also be subject to revision. Whatever idealists may say about America not entering the War because of a desire for territorial gains, that we are sufficient unto ourselves, and do not need additional land, the prosaic fact remains that we are importing tropical products for about one and a half billion dollars yearly, that the past few years have shown

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that we are not only not self-sufficient, but are dependent upon the good will of other powers for vitally important raw materials, such as rubber, and do need additional tropical territory for which the recent acquisition by Firestone of a concession in Liberia is ample evidence.

It is quite true that we did not enter the War intent on territorial aggrandizement, but with aspects relative to international finance and trade materially changed after peace was declared it would seem the part of wisdom to acquire a part of the tropical territory made available to us through the War to round out the production under the American flag of materials urgently needed in our economic life. Accumulated capital now seeking investment abroad in turn could be diverted to the development of such territory without danger of confiscation or interference by foreign governments, and this would not be a cause for international complications that sometimes seem an inevitable accompaniment to foreign investments.

Ballston, Va. P. J. WESTER.

[The above suggestion, though previously made, seems to us no solution of the problem. To accept mandates over distant territory which cannot be incorporated into our system of government would be to shoulder political and perhaps economic liabilities for which a compensation would be in order, rather than the relinquishment of obligations. The troubles in the mandated regions, and our own troubles in the Philippines, are not encouraging to such a gamble. We like to think of the United States not as an imperial factory, but as a self-governing people.—THE EDITORS.]

Rebecca West's Chicago

SIR: Miss Rebecca West's preface to Mr. Sandburg's Selected Poems is indeed, as Mr. Conrad Aiken suggests, "very interesting"—but for one who has known Chicago intimately, adds rather to her reputation as brilliant fictionist than to her prestige as social interpreter.

Take, for instance, her novel theory of the motivation of the Loeb-Leopold murder—a case which has been more accessible to the casual newspaper reader than any case of the decde. Miss West informs her English public that the crime was motivated by fantasies of anti-Semitism—and yet this is a motivation not even suggested in any of the more than confessional testimony of the battalion of psychiatrists. All this is "interesting," especially from a critic who is acutely aware of the American tendency to "intolerably loose statement of fact." It is interesting, but it is apt to mislead. As is Miss West's assertion that "anti-Semitism in the United States is a savage thing"—a statement engendered by the worthy indignation of the author, but which, used in relation to the social group and to the generation of young Loeb and Leopold, is, to say the least, a bit overdoing it.

"Interesting," too, are Miss West's findings on the psychology of Chicago. Miss West travels long distances through the middle plains. She discovers the plains flat and the distances long. People become loquacious, tell her their life-histories. Suddenly it occurs to her that "people talk and behave like this in Russian novels." A further fact is added—this: that "the physical resemblance between Russia and the Middle West is certainly close enough." "Life which finds itself lost in the heart of a vast continent" tends to assume the same forms. Chicago is Russia! It is mystical, self-conscious, committed to introspection. It is engaged—she perhaps does not realize our sensitiveness to the word—in "a constant stock-taking of its own life."—So far, entirely logical. Miss West, however, omits some of the data. She forgets that we are the terminus of the Twentieth Century Limited. We are visited occasionally by English lecturers. Our psychology of isolation constantly tends therefore to become modified.

It is in the Chicago policemen that Miss West finds her most fascinating specimens of our lingual tendencies. These gentlemen, "who have on their tongues' end beautiful and expressive phrases," these "introspective inhabitants" of the Middle West "have developed an idiom which is exactly the reverse of the English tongue in that it is admirably suited for describing the events of the inner life." These treasures are able to "give the most subtle and exact evidence about the psychological situation in each case" in the police courts—and our guest has undoubtedly heard them do so. Would that we of Chicago could claim them as typical "introspective inhabitants!" But let us not delude Miss West. Let us—even to our detriment—advise her to listen again. Thus made wary, she would, in many instances I am sure, discover overtones of the Hibernian.

Yet when the prefacist swings into her "rain-colored city of topless marble towers that stand among waste plots knee-high with tawny grasses beside a lake that has gray waves like a sea," one can, as a Chicagoan, forgive her the policemen, the Loeb-Leopold case and even the Russians. The quotidian Chicagoan can, but can Mr. Sandburg? For he must realize that at this sort of thing she is undoubtedly as good as he.

Chicago, Ill. FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Repressible Prohibition

SIR: We all recall the old lady who said she would rather have dust on the mind than dust on the table. We have known old ladies with dust on the mind. Life became one long devastation.

Now we like the New Republic, holding torches that illumine our way down aisles of distinction; only occasionally does our enchanting friend remind us of the old ladies who do have dust on the mind. This is when the New Republic talks about prohibition. Prohibition, we confess it, is the New Republic's dust. Politics might be a distinguished host of great causes, marching statelily, but here comes the irrepressible, the sheer nuisance, the hayseed, prohibition, and down we tumble from the cerulean blue to the side-streets, the great, uninteresting, evangelical middle class of the nation. Very unpleasant!

But the experience is not new. Once there was a political party called the Prophets. It fought to introduce into society not one but ten Prohibitions, the Ten Commandments. Read Jeremiah and feel how outraged were the swells, the high-brows, the doctrinaires: all bent on going after cults, exciting, coming across from Assyria and not up from the ugly, tiresome rantings of the middle class. But what happened? This—that the horror subsided because the middle class converted the high-brows. Mankind went up higher for good, and the irrepressible Prophets retired.

Now prohibition will retire from the elections, take its muddy boots forever off the carpet, when the New Republic and the New York Times and their kind catch the vision and talk up prohibition. Once they begin to tell the people that alcohol, always a Monster Misery Maker, is now, also, in a modern industrial world, a Misfit, the cause will retire from politics precisely as the Ten Commandments retired about 540 B. C.—because they had come to stay; or as slavery, considered sheer nuisance by the politicians of eighty years ago, retired from politics sixty-two or sixty-three years ago, because the cause was won.

There's only one way, if history is any guide, to retire prohibition from our elections: accept it and demand its enforcement.

E. TILTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

Glimpses of Truth

SIR: In reading the novel, Sinister Street, I have run across the following paragraph:

> Oh, this clutching at the soul by truth, how damnably instantaneous it was, how for one moment it could provoke the illusion of victory over all the muddled facts of existence: how a moment after it could leave the tantalized soul with a despairing sense of having missed by the breadth of a hair the entry into knowledge. By the way, was there not some well reasoned psychological explanation of this physical condition?

I wonder if any of your readers can furnish the psychological explanation for this common experience?

J. M. P.

New York, N. Y.

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Know Your Own Language

A Dictionary of English Usage, by H. W. Fowler. New York: The Oxford University Press. 742 pages. $3.

THE traditional dictionary is on the face of it an unfriendly book, forbiddingly full of accusations of sin on our part, past and present. One consults it with fear, trembling or curiosity, as one would a stern arbiter of the etiquette of language; only after long wooing does it begin to yield its warmer and more intimate secrets. Mr. Fowler's book is not at all a traditional dictionary, performing, as well as that of severest critic, the part of best pal also. Few people alive whose occupations require talk and writing are not wiser for the daily consulting of a dictionary, but its cold codifications repel them. Mr. Fowler's, on the contrary, is a warm and living book, a gigantic zoölogical garden of words, open to the wind and sun of outdoors, teeming with lively examples of the words and expressions peculiar to our decade, all of them caught with patience, observed with a nice delicacy of perception, exhibited with the greatest tolerance and good humor. By comparison the average dictionary is a museum of dead, dateless specimens, pinned through the middle.

It would be impossible to praise Mr. Fowler too highly, whether for the usefulness of this book, its profound effect on the reader, or the skill with which it is made. There are perhaps two or three books in the world which everyone who wants to make the best possible use of his mother tongue should possess, and read and reread, and refer to always at moments of uncertainty, and this is one of them. After the first long walk through these pages, which are as richly inexhaustible as a countryside, we are profoundly discouraged. At every turn we have met inadmissible expressions, incongruous nouns, slipshod conjunctions, rubber-stamps, dodges, inaccuracies which we are only too conscious of having used frequently ourselves, which once seemed natural, and now incurable. It is not because one has been listening to the voice of authority, though Mr. Fowler can speak with the voice of authority when necessary, but because of the obvious logic and common sense of his decisions. He is no solitary umpire, making the rules of speech according to his own excellent taste, but a wise, impartial judge, saying: this expression was formerly incorrect, but the generality of its use compels us to let it into the language. If he lists a phrase which at first seems harmless and an old friend, he can destroy forever our tolerance of it no less by calm argument than by simply quoting a half-dozen examples of its current use. In fact, he has power to blast our confidence in the purity and usefulness of thousands of turns of speech which we have always used, until, if we have read too deeply at one sitting, we almost swear never to talk or write again. And this is the beginning of wisdom.

Mr. Fowler's method is extremely simple, but at the same time its simplicity is the fruit of an extraordinary synthesis of complications, of a magnificently total and ordered view of language as a whole. The book lists almost every word into the use, pronunciation or spelling of which modern custom has brought confusion. To quote at random an example of his method and of his point of view:

> ANALYSE is better than *analyze,* but merely as being the one of two equally indefensible forms that has won. The correct but now impossible form would be *analysize* (or *analysise*), with *analysist* for the existing *analyst;* see also -IST.

If his dictionary contained nothing but similar discussions of and rulings as to common words, it would still be a highly original and useful book. But Mr. Fowler goes much further and deeper. He has bound together the habits and tendencies which change the use of words, the hard wear or lack of wear upon verbal expressions which push them over the borderline of the defensible, or put the seal of custom upon incorrectness, into a great many little essays as illuminating as they are witty, and no less revealing of the psychology of those who use it than of the intricacies of language itself. The articles on Anti-Saxonism, Avoidance of the obvious, Battered ornaments, Cast-iron idiom, Elegant variation, Formal words, Genteelism, Hackneyed phrases, Mannerisms, Novelty-hunting, Out of the frying-pan, Polysyllabic humor, Pride of knowledge, Revivals, Sturdy indefensibles, are a comment upon this age and the bipeds who inhabit it as well as a highly original contribution to philology. It will give you but a small notion, if a pleasant one, of the variety of Mr. Fowler's common sense to quote from some of these articles.

Trailers—"the sort of sentence that tires the reader out by again and again disappointing his hope of coming to an end." Mr. Fowler has a fine collection of these; we wonder how their authors ever came to write at all. "The explanation probably is," says Mr. Fowler, "that these gentlemen have on the one hand a copious pen, and on the other a dislike (most natural, their readers must agree) to reading over what it may have set down."

Hackneyed Phrases—Another splendid collection: Leave severely alone, In durance vile, The sleep of the just, Eagle eye, Too funny for words, and countless other old friends. The true use of rubber stamps, says Mr. Fowler, "when they come into the writer's mind is as danger signals; he should take warning that when they suggest themselves it is because what he is writing is bad stuff."

Preposition at End—Here whatever raw uneasiness still lay in us is put an end to. Mr. Fowler marshals quotations from Chaucer to Kipling, and most of those between them, to prove what should be unnecessary of proof, that sometimes a preposition is a good word to end with, and sometimes not, like ever so many other words.

Mannerisms—Mr. Fowler's merciless eye catches Macaulay at his antithesis, Carlyle at his two superlatives, Bagehot at his repetition, Kipling at "But that is another story," and H. G. Wells, to our surprise, as the originator of the pattern, "Came the dawn."

Humor—Under this head Mr. Fowler has compiled a most lucid and workable chart of the differences between irony, humor, wit, satire, sarcasm, invective, cynicism and the sardonic by the unusual and effective device of asking himself, of each word in turn, what is its motive or aim, its province, its method or means, and its audience. If you will try to do this yourself, dear reader, and then consult page 241, you will be rather taken aback by the vagueness and ignorance of your own definitions.

Formal Words, and *Avoidance of the Obvious*—These articles are parallel, and of particular interest in America, where hand in hand with monosyllabic slang has grown up the most awful habit of sociological nomenclature. Which word, in the following pairs, do you use, and which do you avoid yourself, and dislike in others?

cease	stop	cryptic	obscure
close	shut	double	dual
begin	commence	forcible	forceful
morning	forenoon	foreword	preface
seek	try	ask	inquire

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Vulgarization—Why do some of us prefer *faerie* and *evanish* and *mystic* and *optimistic* and *unthinkable* and *replica* to *fairy* and *vanish* and *mysterious* and *hopeful* and *incredible* and *copy?* "Vulgarization of words that should not be in common use," says Mr. Fowler, "robs some of their aroma, others of their substance, others again of their precision; but nobody likes to be told that the best service he can do to a favorite word is to leave it alone, and perhaps the less said here on this matter the better."

Besides these more general articles with which we are inclined in advance to agree, though in detail we are often gratefully surprised, there are innumerable short, sharp shocks administered to some of our most placid verbal habits. In particular I refer all those who feel sure of their own language to Mr. Fowler's remarks on *but, percentage, clever,* and *per capita.*

From this learned wilderness at length arises a plan, a map, a theory of what the best language is and what it should be. The first rule, increasingly broken in this country where sociologists write poetry and poets write sociology, is that "the better the writer the shorter the words." To this should closely be appended Mr. Fowler's excellent warnings against anti-Saxonism, that frame of mind which likes to make learned nonsense of simple things, which finds obscure virtues in the use of *transpire, eventuate, motivate, mentality, optimism, proposition* and *with reference to,* and which, to one kind of reader at any rate, says Mr. Fowler, "is a guarantee that clear thought is not going to be required of him." But if the short word is best, and no short word exists, let us beware of Revivals, and the antique furniture of pro-Saxonism. What is, cannot be forcibly changed. So Mr. Fowler recognizes and admits into the language words and expressions which he deplores, but which are too strongly entrenched against protest. Words which ten or twenty years ago were on the borderline are now citizens. The fight as regards them is ended, but this book is crowded with newcomers, with aliens about to be smuggled over, and against these all of us who write should guard ourselves if only out of self-respect.

It is astonishing how little of the contents of this dictionary does not apply to written English in this country, and how seldom do we disagree with Mr. Fowler's rulings and condemnations when we apply them to our own usage. Spoken English would of course be a very different matter. The reason for this unexpected coincidence is probably the fact that the chief source of Mr. Fowler's aversions is also the chief source of our own: journalism, or the art of applying artificial stimulants to the jaded means of saying small things to a great multitude.

But journalism is not wholly to blame for all Mr. Fowler's collection of elegant variations, polysyllabic jokes, latinisms, thefts, revivals, pomposities and obscurities. There is something, not necessarily commonplace, in human nature which is forever too large for words. The secrets of nature, the heart of man, the diversity of the world are beyond the power of all but a few to speak or write of decently, but they are the common property of us all, and we are more perplexed by and conscious of them than ever. More people are writing than ever before, and what is in them must always be superior to the tools wherewith to say it; no wonder that great vague things wrench and inflate and burst and flatten the little symbols manufactured from the alphabet.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Between Two Worlds

Transition: Essays on Contemporary Literature, by Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. 218 pages. $2.

EDWIN MUIR is one of the few critics writing in English to think of himself as an analyst and not a judge. This amounts to saying that he is one of the few critics writing in English. His attitude is not unknown in French critical writing; but among us, where literature is usually considered as an annex to something else—morality, psychoanalysis or economic reform—it lets Mr. Muir in for two bad heresies: he studies a work of art on its own ground and he conceives it as something to be understood rather than labeled. Of course, if he continues this kind of writing, he cannot expect much consideration in America, where a critic earns his keep by supplying judgments. Mr. Muir fantastically assumes that every man must do his own understanding; he confines himself to clarifying the problem. He persists in digging seriously into the book in question, discovering the form that is clothed by the fable and revealing the relations of its different parts. He refuses to be sidetracked into tempting discussions of the "story" or the characters' ideas on sex. He knows that these are symbols so combined as to present something else, which is independent of them. His interest, in short, is in the organic aspect of the work; the nature of its own life and the means by which it fulfills or fails to fulfill this life. By virtue of the purity of this approach, his close-reasoned, penetrating analysis illuminates not merely the book he is discussing but the processes of the imagination themselves.

Mr. Muir prepared himself for his study of contemporary literature by first wrestling with his own essential values. His point of departure was Nietzsche, and his first book, We Moderns, a collection of aphorisms on life, God, literature. The influence of Nietzsche's thinking was strong on every page. By the time his next book appeared, Nietzscheanism had been absorbed and Mr. Muir's own voice was clearer. He was writing longer essays on such casual subjects as Dostoyevsky, psychology in criticism, the affirmation of suffering and the truth about art. Before telling the truth about art he took a few paragraphs off to tell the truth about the universe. The result of this preoccupation with the central problems of the mind is that his present criticisms on specific authors flow naturally from a principle of life: they are not random impressions.

In Transition he has made studies of nine living writers, including James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf. The book is prefaced by an article on the relation of a writer to the thoughts and feelings of his time, and concludes with two general articles on contemporary poetry and fiction. His analysis of the nature and methods of Joyce's reckless, savage humor in Ulysses, and the building up of the figure of Leopold Bloom, throws light on two of the chief elements of that hydra-headed book. The discussion of Aldous Huxley's relation to Mrs. Aldwinkle in Those Barren Leaves and the analysis of satire reveal both the reason for Huxley's immediate popularity and his failure to write a satisfying novel. His dissociation of the two conflicting streams in T. S. Eliot's poetry, which give it its unique effectiveness, also throws into relief the limitations within which Eliot works.

All of these essays are pitched where the present struggle is hottest. They are occupied incisively and vigorously in the main job of the intellect: defining issues and determining relationships. This is the opposite, in method and effect, of the didactic school which merely passes judgments.

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There is, however, one marked limitation to the working of Mr. Muir's mind. The clue to it lies in his inability, at the highest moments, to deal casually with the world he is analyzing. Despite his apprenticeship under Nietzsche and his conception of the universe as a play of superfluous force, there is little play in his thought. His essays are penetrating and logical; but they never overflow their own logic. They are intent, as though they are saying all that can be said on each subject. This might be made clearer by saying that they cast a shaft of clear, reasonable light; they are not luminous throughout their whole body. To point out this lack of excess in Mr. Muir's thought is to deny him a place among the great critics of literature. It is not to deny his importance to us today.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Jesus—a Myth or a Genius

Jesus—Man of Genius, by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Harper and Brothers. 373 pages. $2.50.

Jesus: A Myth, by Georg Brandes. Translated from the Danish by Edwin Björkman. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 190 pages. $2.

> "What think ye of Christ," friend? when all's done and said,
> Like you this Christianity or not?
> It may be false, but will you wish it true?
> Has it your vote to be so if it can?

THUS Blougram, in partibus episcopus, nec non, to Gigadibs, the literary critic. The two volumes in question seem to indicate that a community of vocation is no guarantee of an identity of judgment, and that in the end the attitude of literary critics towards Jesus, like that of all other men, is mainly determined by a certain personal bias and inclination to believe or disbelieve.

The truth is that Georg Brandes does not like Christianity and is unwilling to give it his vote to be so if it can. He seems to be essentially of the Gothic-Nietzschean ilk, impatient of pale Galileans. He therefore has resort to the myth method of disposing of Jesus. Whatever can be said in defense of this theory was said some years ago by Drews, and Brandes has added little or nothing to the argument of his sceptical predecessor. On this theory the figure of the historical Jesus is a creature of the pure imagination conjured up by Paulinism out of the Messianic hope of the Jews and the Mystery Religions of the empire. What is interesting in Brandes's book is his impatience with Paul, an ungovernable, dreadful, pathological person, and his contempt for the ethical ideals of the gospels, which he dismisses variously as moral burlesques, irrational denunciations, and impoverished conceptions of honor and duty vastly inferior to those of the Greco-Roman world of the time. This is rather more than most of the myth proponents care to say, but is thought-provoking.

Meanwhile Brandes takes an unnecessarily stiff stance. He drives off from William Lloyd Garrison's proposition that he will be harsh as truth, that he is in earnest, that he will not equivocate, will not excuse, will not retreat, and will be heard. It is rather a pity to invoke Garrison in this connection. Garrison had what Walt Whitman called a fine old passionate cause, whereas Brandes is only working off an irritation of long standing, and has said nothing new.

It is otherwise with Mr. Middleton Murry. He does not argue the historicity of Jesus. He assumes it. And he assumes it, primarily in the case of the Gospel of Mark, on the basis of internal evidence. He says of St. Mark, "Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on invente." Most readers, given certain critical reservations necessary to the mind of the present, will agree with Mr. Murry, no matter whether they vote for Christianity or not. The main outlines of the figure of Jesus in the first three gospels do not seem to be a pious fraud and literary invention.

Now the general conditions governing all attempts to write a life of Jesus, after a hundred years of such biography, are perfectly well understood and have been stated by Albert Schweitzer. No critical biography of Jesus is possible, because at the points where certainty is absolutely essential—i. e., Jesus's own interpretation of the ideas of the Kingdom, the Messiahship, the Son of Man—conjecture is inevitable. When a man writes a life of Jesus, therefore, he may tell us something about Jesus, but he plainly tells us a great deal about himself.

So with Mr. Murry. He has been through stern, disciplinary, lonely days in these latter years and these experiences are reflected in his whole interpretation of the solitary person of Jesus. The much that we learn from this book about Jesus is supplemented in the very nature of the case by the more we learn about this contemporary English man of letters.

In describing Jesus as a man of genius he has freed his hero from all accountability to the normal operations of cause and effect in history. The genius is unprophesiable, non-rational, footloose of time and place, and self-secure. The significance of the volume from the critical standpoint lies in this effort to interpret Jesus not as the matured creature of his own time, but as the self-schooled, self-scanned, inspired master of any time and all time. The thesis is, given the history of the creative spirit in the arts, wholly defensible and it has in Mr. Murry an able and effective advocate.

Upon many obscure passages of the gospels he turns a flashing light of "creative criticism"—his own well worn phrase—furnishing insights into particular situations which have their origin not in a familiarity with Semitic "mores" or Roman times, but in a proven knowledge of the way in which genius always deals with human situations. He chooses as the thread on which to group the incidents of the life of Jesus this thesis, "Jesus's love created him first God's son, then God's only son, then Messiah-to-be." Some such account of Jesus's own experience may be psychologically defensible and may fit the given facts. But the large scheme is not so significant as the particular insights into isolated sayings and situations.

In all this Mr. Murry is demonstrating with superb and faithful skill his own theories of English style and of the office of literary criticism. Not a little of the interest of the volume lies in its fine vindication of doctrines which Mr. Murry has elaborated elsewhere and at length. A kind of literary inevitableness pervades the book, a blessed respite after the lives of Jesus which are written up rhetorically or written down realistically. Here is a book which in its medium of words absolutely fits its theme. For once one has no quarrel with the style; it is as near perfect as may be in this world of imperfection, being imperceptible. For that reason alone, this happens to be the only such life of Jesus which I, personally, have been able to read for many years. For that I thank Mr. Murry.

WILLARD L. SPERRY.

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Dorothy Parker's Poems

Enough Rope, by Dorothy Parker. New York: Boni and Liveright. 110 pages. $2.

MRS. DOROTHY PARKER began her poetic career as a writer of humorous verse of the school of Franklin P. Adams. There are specimens of her early vein in this book: a comic roundel, a rondeau redoublé "(and scarcely worth the trouble, at that)" and a parody of some verses of Gilbert. Mrs. Parker's special invention (aside from her vers libre "hymns of hate," unrepresented here), was a kind of burlesque sentimental lyric which gave the effect, till you came to the end, of a typical magazine filler, perhaps a little more authentically felt and a little better written than the average: the last line, however, punctured the rest with incredible ferocity. Thus, to quote only a comparatively mild example included in this book, the old, old gate wreathed with lilacs where the lady waits with yearning in the gloaming turns out, at the end of the poem, to be "the gate her true love gave her."

Mrs. Parker has had scarcely a rival in the contrivance of these loaded cigars, these squirting boutonnières and these pigs-in-clover puzzles of literature; and she could have put together a most amusing book of them. Her present book is, however, quite different. During the last two or three years, Dorothy Parker—though still in the pages of Life and the New Yorker—has emerged as a distinguished and interesting poet. It is true that, in America just now, we do not lack distinguished woman poets: there are so many women who write creditable lyrics that we have come to take them more or less for granted and are no longer very much excited over the appearance of another promising apprentice of the school of Elinor Wylie or Edna Millay. But Mrs. Parker seems somehow to stand a little apart from this group. It is true that she sometimes echoes Mrs. Wylie and, more frequently, Miss Millay; yet, on the whole, her poems give the impression of differing from those of many of her sisters in being a good deal less "literary"—that is, they have the appearance of proceeding, not merely from the competent exercise of an attractive literary gift, but from a genuine necessity to write. We may be conscious that there are at least thirty women in the country who would have been incapable of spoiling an excellent epigram with such a final couplet as this,

> Inertia rides and riddles me;
> The which is called Philosophy

or who would never have commenced another as follows,

> Oh, both my shoes are shiny new
> And pristine is my hat

—we may be conscious, I say, that there are perhaps thirty expert poets who would have known why "pristine" and "the which" were impossible. But we feel, also, that a sound instinct for style has here merely been betrayed by the bad habits of humorous versifying. And, in a similar way, we are convinced that her addiction to the idiom of Miss Millay is less an evidence of imitative weakness than an accidental and probably passing phase, due to the fact that Mrs. Parker has only just begun to attempt serious poetry and that, of all the poets who are read just now, Miss Millay's temperament, in certain of its aspects, has most affinity with her own. It is on the side of bareness and sharpness that Mrs. Parker most resembles Miss Millay; but the edged and acrid style which emerges in her book is unmistakably individual.

And the personality which reveals itself in Mrs. Parker's poems is quite different from that of Miss Millay: Mrs. Parker has her own complex of emotions, her own philosophy of love. Take the sonnet of which the octet begins as follows,

> If you should sail for Trebizond, or die,
> Or cry another name in your first sleep,
> Or see me board a train, and fail to sigh,
> Appropriately, I'd clutch my breast and weep.

Here she has caught precisely the idiom of Edna Millay; yet Miss Millay would never have drawn the same moral:

> Therefore the mooning world is gratified,
> Quoting how prettily we sigh and swear;
> And you and I, correctly side by side,
> Shall live as lovers when our bones are bare;
> And though we lie forever enemies,
> Shall rank with Abélard and Héloïse.

This is not one of Mrs. Parker's most satisfactory poems: it is, on the contrary, one of her most derivative; yet, at the same time, it is interesting precisely because of a certain originality of accent and of point of view. Perhaps few poems in this book are completely successful: they tend, on the one hand, as I have already suggested, to become a little cheapened in the direction of ordinary humorous verse and, on the other, to become too deeply saturated with the jargon of ordinary feminine poetry, to go in too much for plaintive Aprils, for red stains on velvet gowns and for "pretty maids" and "likely lads." But her best work is extraordinarily vivid: it has a peculiar intensity and frankness which, when they appear in poetry, seem to justify any style or method, no matter how strange to literary convention. Dorothy Parker's unprecedented feat has been to raise to the dignity of poetry the "wise-cracking" humor of New York: she has thus almost invented a new kind of epigram: she has made the comic anti-climax tragic. With the publication of this volume, her figure becomes distinct and her voice unmistakable: in her satires, in her short stories, in her play, we had long been aware of her as somebody and something in particular; and from now on, she must command our attention. We have never before had anything quite like:

> Oh, life is a glorious song,
> A medley of extemporanea;
> And love is a thing that can never go wrong;
> And I am Marie of Roumania.

any more than anything like:

> That a heart falls tinkling down,
> Never think it ceases.
> Every likely lad in town
> Gathers up the pieces.
> If there's one gone whistling by
> Would I let it grieve me?
> Let him wonder if I lie;
> Let him half believe me.

We have nothing quite like the hard dark crystals of Dorothy Parker's irony: they do not spark with prismatic colors and a great many of them are imperfect, but they are beginning to become valuable.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Gestalt Psychology in America

Psychology and Education, by Robert Morris Ogden. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 364 pages. $2.75.

MR. WATSON'S onslaught against psychology's fundamentalists has been quite devastating. The present book is an interesting outcome of this conflict within the science which parallels somewhat the fundamentalist-modernist controversy in theological circles. It began some fifteen years ago when many psychologists, reposing in the peaceful "dogmatic slumber" so frequently enjoyed in academic circles, found themselves rudely awakened by Watson's heretical outcries. He dragged down the idols with unparalleled ruthlessness and rent them limb from limb; he not only cast into the discard their favorite experimental method, introspection, but questioned as well every result purported to have been achieved by it. Even now he shows no signs of subsiding, and brandishes his rough-and-ready behaviorism in a manner most uncomforting to tender-minded addicts of traditional schools. The latter, taken by surprise, offered the best resistance they could command, although their effectiveness was diminished by the suspicion of truth in Watson's assertion that sterility was a synonym for their psychology. It was not difficult to criticize Mr. Watson, to point out limitations in his system, but it was no easy task to organize the fragments of their own into a semblance of order and unity. While this condition of decidedly unstable equilibrium existed rumors began to spread to America of a new movement in German psychological circles. The harried introspectionists turned to it in desperation, hoping that after all a few traditions might be salvaged. Although this new Gestalt psychology was grounded in fundamental tenets many of which were as widely divergent from their own as those of Watson, they seemed to find in it a place for at least a goodly bit of the time-honored vocabulary, and partial liquidation was better than a total loss. Mr. Ogden's book reveals for the first time just how extensive the liquidation was, for it is the first important expression issuing from those amalgamated viewpoints.

The author attempts to give a unified account of the phases of psychology most closely related to education—defining education as "a social process of change in the behavior of human organisms." He does achieve a unified treatment by redefining in Gestalt nomenclature the essential processes involved. His early discussion is ingenious and enlightening, particularly the cautious method of dealing with the concept of "instinct." He is not entirely unaffected by his psychological mores here, but he by no means exhausts the dictionary in seeking names for instinctive adjustments. Indeed, he admits that in the human infant these innate patterns of behavior are very meagre and soon complicated by habits. Once beyond the topic of native behavior, however, the book becomes exceedingly disappointing. One finds it difficult to believe that the author intends that it be regarded as a serious scientific treatise and not merely as a personal intellectual diversion. The sole aim appears to be the attempt to make every possible application of Gestalt analogy, and this monoideic impulsion leads him to make statements which are patently exaggerated; for example, the following: "a perception, however, is always a satisfying experience." The entire book, in short, may be described as an unfolding of the logical implications which the author purports to find in Gestalt principles. The precedent of Freud should forewarn one of what is to be expected where experience is fitted into a prearranged mold. It is much more difficult to fit the mold to experience, but it is nevertheless more profitable once it is achieved. One must generalize in science, to be sure, but the generalization should be related somehow to the facts which it purports to describe.

Mr. Ogden did not need to invoke the assistance of Mr. Koffka in clarifying his point of view. Practically everything of general importance in the Gestalt theory has existed in America for a number of years. The emphasis upon the organism as a whole has been a primary contribution of experimental biologists, particularly Child and Herrick of the University of Chicago; Gestalt addicts might profitably consult the work in this field, as, in fact, Mr. Ogden did. But one suspects that it was only after he had become identified with the Gestalt movement and that he regarded the similarity as only incidental. In the field of psychology proper, Mr. Peterson formulated ten years ago a more complete and more concrete statement relative to the problem of learning. The difficulty with the American organismic movement, for Mr. Ogden, was that it would not tolerate his ancient psychological heirlooms—sentimental illusions which fade in the frigidity of scientific atmosphere.

LYLE H. LANIER.

The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon, which was reviewed by Virginia Woolf in the New Republic of December 29, 1926, will be published this month by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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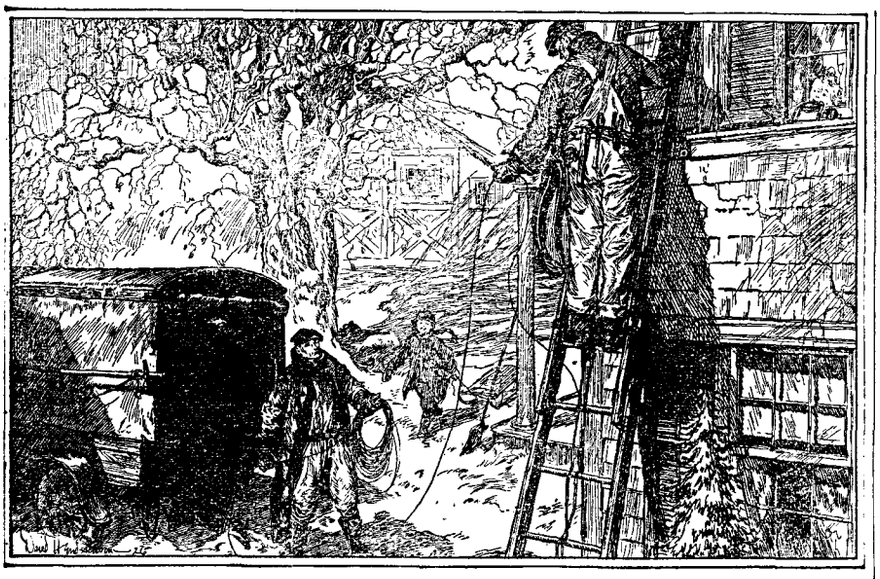

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